

The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year---April 4, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

SPRING COMES A-CALLING

By RAY CLARKE ROSE

Spring knocks at the door of the year and cries:

"I want to come in! I've a song for you;
I've a kirtle green and a bonnet blue,
And jewels of dew to dazzle your eyes.

"I know where the first shy violet lies

In its cradle of moss—and the May bloom, too!
I've a basket full of the flowers you prize,
And fresh as the dawn when the world was new.

"I've a charm that dropped from the autumn skies
Of the year ago, and with magic true

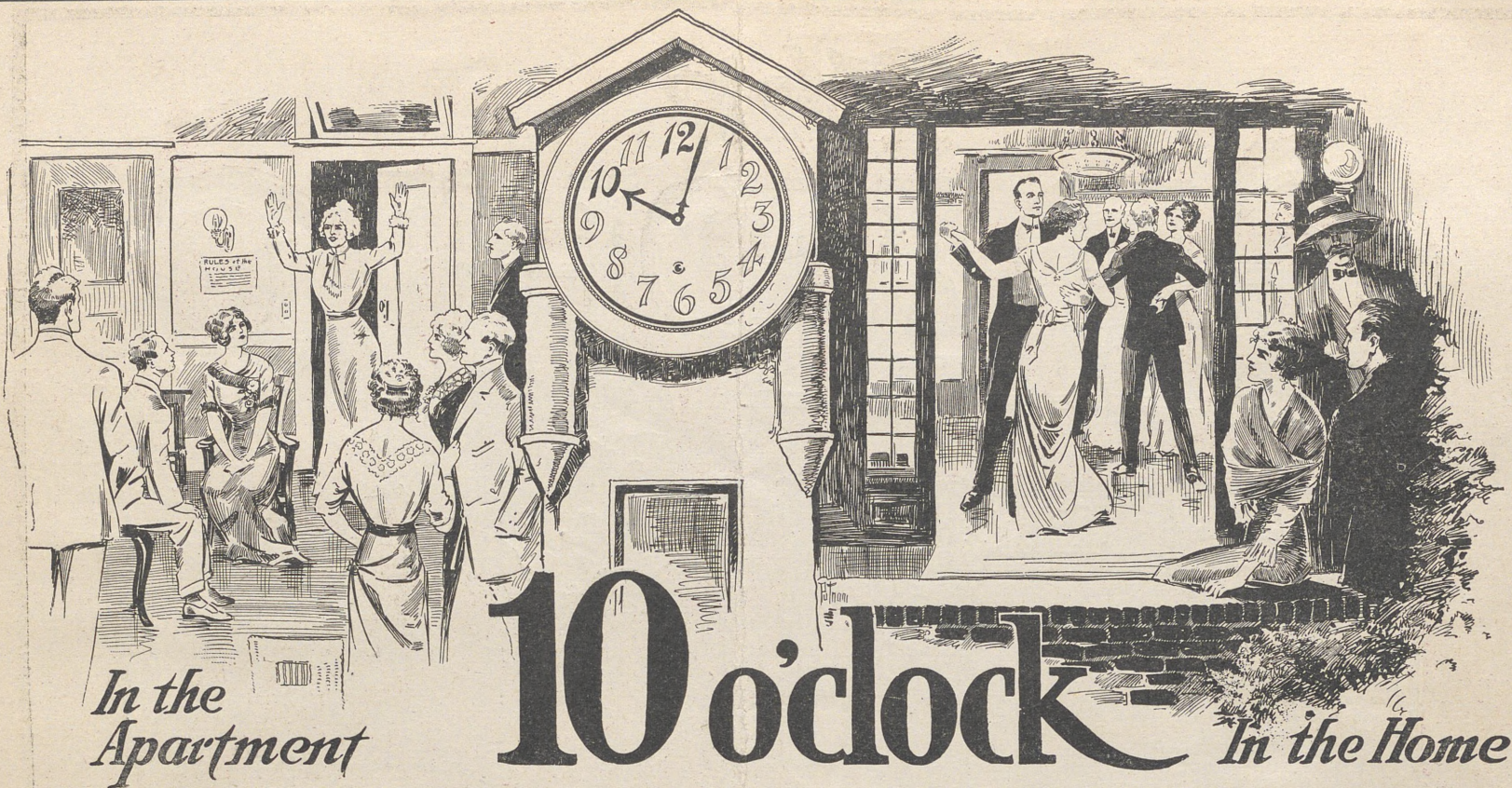
'T will gild the fields where the gold wheat grew,
And make you happy and wealthy and wise!"

Spring knocks at the door of the year and cries:

"I want to come in! I've a song for you!"



ALPHEUS W. TONKIN, MCGRAW-HILL



*In the
Apartment*

10 o'clock *In the Home*

Absolute independence and flat or apartment-living are impossible, un-American and not conducive to the highest ideals in home life or in business.

There's a sure, easy and quick way out of the unsatisfactory domination of the landlord when 10 o'clock rolls around and you are forced to admit that **EVEN WHAT YOU PAY FOR ISN'T REALLY YOURS.**

We've guided hundreds of discontented persons along the road to pure, unadulterated happiness, and, incidentally, we've helped them to swell their bank accounts **WITHOUT EXTRA EFFORT.**

It has been said that man never truly feels the consciousness of power until he becomes the owner of a piece of that from which he came. Don't delay another hour. Make up your mind right this minute that you are at least going to **INVESTIGATE** our properties and our selling plan—just like paying rent.

West Adams Park

¶ In the shadow of superb West Adams Heights, where mansions costing upwards of \$50,000 stand, is beautiful West Adams Park.

¶ Only 25 minutes from the heart of the business section, with earfare only 5 cents.

¶ Practically three-fourths—more than \$400,000 worth—of the original tract has been sold, and many exquisite bungalow-homes—the niftiest little houses you ever saw—stand today as an evidence of the popularity of West Adams Park.

¶ West Adams Street is to be paved from the city limits to Washington Boulevard immediately, when this thoroughfare will surely become the most favored artery to the sea. We urge you to buy your lot or home at West Adams Park before the paving is begun.

¶ Fully improved lots, including sewer system, paved streets, sidewalks, parkings, electricity, water, telephones, etc., \$850 to \$1150—less than adjoining undeveloped acreage! Built-to-order bungalows \$3,450 to \$3,850. Pay a little down, the rest like rent.

¶ Whether or not you are ready to purchase now, we invite you to visit West Adams Park as our guest. Rigid comparison generally results in sales of this property and **ALWAYS** creates boosters. That's why we want you to accept our invitation.

Ethelwyn Manor Heights

¶ The one incomparable homesite of Southern California.

¶ More than a hill or knoll—a great plateau of unique topography affording an unsurpassed view of city, mountains, valley, beach resorts and sea.

¶ In the heart of a network of fine boulevards and right in the center of the famous Santa Monica race course.

¶ This slightly eminence has been held intact for several years awaiting the greater development of surrounding property and is now being offered at prices far below present values in this section.

¶ Lots and villa sites \$960 up.

¶ Terms to suit your convenience and pocketbook.

¶ Personally conducted excursions daily. Comfortable touring cars always at your command by appointment. Simply tell the Manager of the Subdivision Department that you want to see Ethelwyn Manor Heights. We'll do the rest.

¶ Persons gifted with foresight are buying this property unhesitatingly. Demand the evidence of our claims. Do it **NOW.**

Robert Marsh & Co.

200 Marsh-Strong Building

Main 5045

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THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



HONOR UPHELD; SUBSIDY SQUELCHED

STRONGER, even, than the adherents of the tolls repeal movement estimated was the sentiment in the lower house of congress upholding the nation's honor and against subsidizing a monopoly. It was hoped that a majority of seventy-five would be found supporting the President in his courageous course, but expectations were exceeded Tuesday when by a vote of 247 to 161, a majority of 86, the house indorsed the Sims resolution to repeal free tolls. It is a voice reflective of fair dealing with foreign nations, a reaffirmation of the principle that the granting of special privileges by law to private corporations conducting public enterprises is forever past, a rehabilitation of the country in the eyes of the world.

Closing the discussion came Champ Clark's oratory, which, alas, would have been more convincing to the country were it not for the fact that he was gyved by Hearst bonds and under obligations to assist his newspaper backer in embarrassing the administration. Fifty-two Democrats were swayed by the newspaper traducer of Messrs. Wilson and Bryan, but 220 stood to their guns. With them were twenty-five Republicans, one Progressive and one Independent—the indomitable William Kent of the First (California) district who more than ever makes appeal to thinking men as the one fit man in public life to take a seat in the upper house of congress to succeed Perkins. Messrs. Raker and Kettner, elected as Democrats, were faithless to their leader and to their country. They deserve to be as, doubtless, they will be, relegated to oblivion. We predict that neither Kettner nor Raker will be returned to congress for his political sins.

Church had the courage to stand with Kent in support of the right and in so doing cleared his slate of the Hindu foolishness; he has shown that on big questions, at least, he is to be depended upon. Of the other eight representatives the least said the better; it is not pleasant to contemplate sordid politics so near at home. Knowland's offensive language in support of free tolls was unwarranted and unforgivable; his candidacy for the United States senate has been dealt a solar plexus blow by his unpardonable conduct. The others were merely trailers hypnotized by the Hearst flubdub and coast chambers of commerce folly.

From the house to the senate the resolution now goes for its final consideration. There will be a more prolonged debate in the upper branch of congress than has preceded, but the sentiment is strong that delay will be purposeless. The Bristows and Chamberlains and their kind, having campaigns ahead of them, will be anxious to make gallery talks for political consumption, but a month's oratory at the outside should suffice for all such. While the majority

in favor of repeal will be comparatively small, it will be safely affirmative by fifteen or twenty votes, it is confidently believed. America has been undergoing a crisis whose outcome meant honorable dealings with foreign nations or the reverse. There is now no question that our treaty obligations are to be faithfully regarded even if the shipping monopoly is to be deprived of cutting a melon at the people's expense.

ACTUAL PROSPECTIVE AQUEDUCT COST

SEVEN years ago Los Angeles taxpayers were invited to invest \$23,000,000 in a pipeline and conduit undertaking which was to bring pure mountain water from the high Sierras to relieve the distressing shortage that threatened the city. The population of the county seat at that time was, probably, 200,000. To "throw a scare" into the people and assure ratification of the bond issue sensational notices were sent out to water consumers interdicting operation of sprinklers and urging the utmost economy in the use of water for domestic purposes. Bulletins were printed daily by nearly all the local papers emphasizing the alleged shortage and reminding the frightened citizens how necessary it was to vote the bonds to gain an adequate water supply.

Of course, the trick worked. The bonds were ratified ten to one. The people were assured that \$23,000,000 would cover all expenses and the newspapers whose owners stood to make enormous profits through their San Fernando investments, (on advance information), joined in felicitations that the one newspaper whose editor and publisher, with no selfish interests muzzling him, had dared to tell the truth in the face of popular disapproval, was crippled financially. It was a glorious victory for graft and chicanery. For, look you, never since has there been a ghost of a murmur about water shortage and although the city has more than doubled its population in the seven years succeeding the bond issue sprinklers may run at any old time without inhibition. Incidentally, the patriotic publishers who invested \$15,000 each in Porter ranch realty value their individual holdings at half a million and one of them has been known to offer his stock at that figure.

It is worth while recalling that the \$23,000,000 was to be spent for water, that being the sole, pressing need. Incidentally, however, power was to be developed that would yield an income more than sufficient to pay all fixed charges on the bonds and take care of the retiring fund. The dissenting editor who had the temerity to suggest that the scheme involved an expenditure of at least \$50,000,000 was called a traitor by his high-minded colleagues whose prospective individual profits were threatened by the sole protesting publisher. How near right he was and how deceitful were the selfish newspaper owners in alliance for a common purpose—that of profit-taking at the people's expense—let the following figures reveal. To date, the aqueduct and power plans have cost the people as follows:

Preliminary aqueduct bond issue\$ 1,500,000.00
Interest on same paid between 1905	
and July 1, 1914 490,310.00
Main issue aqueduct bonds 22,997,600.00
Interest on same paid between 1907	
and July 1, 1914 4,250,242.43
Power bonds 3,500,000.00
Interest on same paid between 1911	
and July 1, 1914 289,973.12
Bonds authorized April 15, 1913, to	
bring water into city 1,500,000.00
Paid in interest on above to July	
1, 1914 67,500.00

Total amount invested July 1, 1914. \$34,595,625.55
Interest and sinking fund requirement call for \$2,000,000 annually. An election for a bond issue of

\$6,500,000 more, for duplication of existing power equipment, is called for May 8, which, if ratified, will increase the total to \$43,000,000. But let no one believe that this will complete the project. The water question is now a side issue; it is power that is the main consideration and to carry out the pretentious plans of the city authorities at least \$10,000,000 more must be invested, making a total of \$53,000,000. Ever in the background lurks the menace of tainted water, if so be the city should have occasion to use the Owens river supply, and to avoid the alkali impurities involves carrying the intake northward sixty miles and buying out prior rights in the pure side streams at a cost of not less than \$17,000,000, making a grand total of \$70,000,000.

This is what Los Angeles has to face, then: Fifty-three millions of outlay if the present policy of duplication of power equipment and consequent economic waste is decided upon, with years of litigation ahead adding greatly to the expense and the certainty of finding every retail contract for power bitterly contested by the private corporations. It is not a pleasant prospect for the taxpayers to contemplate. If after due consideration of the inevitable sequence the voters reject the power bonds, preferring to accept the same leasing program with its sure income, absence of litigation and consequent curtailing of taxes, let no one be surprised. Presumably, the people have by this time learned what it has cost them to follow the suggestions of selfish publishers. Having bought their experience at a high price theirs the option to reject further fallacious advice or, accepting it, continue to add to their burdens.

WHEREIN STRATFORD PLAYERS EXCEL

TRUE lovers of Shakespeare were wise to accept the "last chance" this season to see the Stratford players, whose engagement at the Mason Opera House closed Saturday with a presentation of "Hamlet." We have seen all the noted Shakespearean productions by American managers and American actors in the last thirty years, ranging from the excellence of Mansfield's Henry V, the beauty of the Sothorn-Marlowe renderings, the Faversham-Opp meritorious efforts down the line to the lesser stars and in every instance they fall short in one notable particular, to wit, in the spirit of their work. Our Shakespearean stars have done their utmost to reinstate the bard in his beauty, but it has remained for the Stratford players to make Shakespeare seem as fresh as a rose of yesterday and all the play of human hearts eternally the same.

It is by this test that the Stratford players win warmest commendation and there is a reason for their supremacy. About thirty years ago a benevolent citizen of Avon, desiring a perpetuate the bard in his native town, endowed a theater where his plays should be produced and festivals held in his honor every year. Mr. Benson was brought from London to manage the venture. The theater was there, the players, the money, all the essentials except—the spirit in the audience. Shakespeare was dead! Then began Mr. Benson's real work, so to revivify Shakespeare that all the English-speaking world would come again into possession of its greatest treasure. Shakespeare was becoming academic, with phrases mulled over by critics and his identity questioned. To young students he was a task to be shunned. Shakespeare was dead in Stratford when pilgrims visited his grave!

But, thanks to Mr. Benson, Shakespeare is alive in Stratford and now journeys to far places carrying a cargo of beauty, of tradition, of history, and the eternal verities of the humanities, untouched by

time. Perhaps, it is because the tradition is lacking and our acquaintance too casual that our American interpreters have failed to stir the blood, but certain it is that never has there been Shakespeare given in this country to equal the productions seen last week at the Mason, where the stately measures of blank verse became as natural human speech, and the persons speaking might have lived, loved and died but yesterday. Better fun than "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is seldom found in the theater. The artistic groupings, the clever use of line and color in creating the illusions and carrying the imagination along bespeak Mr. Benson's skill. But so perfect is the art of it that it is lost to sight in the beauty and harmony and human interest of the plays. The Stratford actor-manager has admirably linked the past with the present.

It was a crowded auditorium that greeted the repetition of the "Merry Wives" Friday night, proving that the earlier production had been its best advertiser. We venture to say that if the Stratford players could have stayed a second week in Los Angeles they would have faced capacity houses every night. This is to suggest to Manager Wyatt that he endeavor to make arrangements through his New York principals for a return engagement of Mr. Benson's players next year for a fortnight, in which time a wider repertoire can be covered and opportunity given the entire community to revel in the true spirit of Shakespeare, in revealing which these Stratford players excel. That it will prove a profitable venture the large houses late in the week amply testify, while the expressions of delight heard on every hand are sufficient guarantee that still larger audiences will be eager to greet the visitors at a return engagement next season.

TICKLISH TIMES FOR OUR CONGRESSMEN

THOSE Republicans who turned to Roosevelt and the Progressive ticket in 1912 and now seek reelection as Progressives in a Republican state are in about as helpless a dilemma as Senator Crawford of South Dakota has found himself, following the recent state wide primary, in which Representative Burke wrested the senatorial nomination from the incumbent. Instead of sticking to his new party Crawford performed another about-face movement and sought a second term on the regular Republican ticket. But the conservative element distrusted him and the radicals of 1912 were lukewarm in their support resulting in his defeat.

In this state we are due to see many surprises next fall. Congressional districts are likely to afford the hardest jolts, especially to those former Republicans who, like Charles Webster Bell of the Ninth district, assumed to be Republicans in order to get on the primary ticket and later repudiated that affiliation for the Progressive party. Under which political banner Bell will seek renomination is a matter of conjecture. The Honorable Charles is a political gymnast of wonderful dexterity and which way seems to assure success in that direction is he likely to hop. Just now he is adding to California's disgrace by helping to repudiate a treaty obligation in order that a shipping monopoly may reap a handsome subsidy at the expense of the people.

Bell's position is Stephens' dilemma also, in the Tenth district. Kettner is likely to be opposed by Needham who prefers Washington to Sacramento. Kettner's vote on the repeal of the canal toll subsidy will be noted with deep interest. If he affiliates with Knowland, who has so outraged the decencies by his charges against the President, Kettner deserves to go down to defeat. We shall hope to find him true to his party tenets and in support of national integrity; it is his only hope. Messrs. Curry, Kahn and Hayes are playing politics. Raker has gone over to the Hearst-Clark camp and has earned retirement. Kent is said to favor repeal and his past record for independent thinking and square dealing, together with his known opposition to all forms of subsidy graft, should align him with the President. Church appears to have broken away from the bad political company of Knowland and is found sup-

porting the repeal. Nolan is an unknown quantity, probably lining up with his colleague, Kahn. There is retributive justice lying in wait for a half dozen of our congressional thimbliggers.

KNOWLAND'S DISGRACEFUL ALLEGATIONS

UPWARD of three hundred thousand votes were cast for Woodrow Wilson in California in 1912 and of this number it is reasonable to believe that two hundred thousand resent the insulting speech voiced by Representative Knowland, Republican aspirant to the United States senate, who charged on the floor of the house Saturday that the President had entered into a bargain with England whereby the exemption clause of the Panama canal tolls bill would be eliminated in return for England's support of America's Mexican policy. Replying to a specific question on this point Mr. Wilson is quoted as saying:

Of course, that answers itself. It is just the crowning insult of a number of insults that have been injected into the tolls debate. The whole thing reminds me of the story of an effective debater who sent a challenge into a county very hostile to him for a debate. The people down there did not care for the job, but they put up the man they liked best, a big, husky fellow called Tom. The challenger was given the first hour of two hours of debate and had not spoken more than thirty minutes when it was evident that he had convinced the audience that he was on the right side. One of Tom's partisans from the rear of the hall, however, rose to his feet and shouted: "Tom, call him a liar and make him fight." That is the stage this debate has reached.

Sad, but true. There is far less excuse for Knowland's insulting remarks than there was for Senator Jones' oratory to similar purpose. On the floor of the upper house of congress the senior senator from Washington announced that he had done the President an injustice in suggesting that the occupant of the White House was in collusion with England. But such an apology did not deter Knowland several days later from uttering the crowning insult to the President of the United States, a dastardly insinuation that should not go unresented by any loyal American in California, irrespective of party affiliation. What makes the charge the more shameful is that Knowland is playing sordid politics. He thinks that by blackguarding the President, of the opposite political faith, he can curry favor with the Republican party in his state and be elected to the United States senate. What a reflection on California!

While Knowland's allegations may be regarded as not unreflective of sentiment in the Sixth district, since we have seen no public repudiation of his course, they are not to be accepted in silence by the remainder of California and in behalf of a dissenting portion of the state the editor of The Daily News Sunday night telegraphed Chairman Adamson of the interstate and foreign commerce committee, in charge of the Sims resolution, a repudiation of the Knowland attitude and utterance, text of which will be found on the first page of this paper. We urge every American having faith in President Wilson's integrity of purpose to do likewise without loss of time.

RECALL MOVEMENT THAT FAILED

DESPITE the exertions of the state federation of labor to recall Senator Owens of the Ninth district for his alleged opposition to labor interests and repudiation of his party platform pledges the Democratic senator from Contra Costa county triumphed at the polls Tuesday, defeating the movement by a vote of 6747 to 5175, a total of 1572 in favor of his retention. The main points of contention by those instigating the recall were that the senator opposed the anti-injunction bill, the eight hour bill and industrial insurance, indicating his unfriendliness to labor as a whole. In a vigorous campaign Owens refuted the allegations and, evidently, convinced the majority that he had not proved unmindful of the welfare of the district.

Politically, the interest centered in the fight in Marin county which has been claimed as Progressive in its tendencies, ie., inclined to support the third party movement. But, contrary to expectations, the Progressive candidate, Mazza, ran a poor second to

Owens, whose majority in the county was 1082. In several of the outlying precincts of Marin the incumbent was indorsed by majorities of 71 to 3, 35 to 5 and in one instance 40 to 0. Evidently, the back districts had little sympathy with the labor leaders in their attempt to discipline the state senator, whose chief offense seems to have been that he declined to take dictation.

Richmond's Twenty-Seven Hundred Club, which originated the fight against Owens, and later induced the state federation of labor to affiliate, met defeat in Contra Costa county by nearly 500 votes. In a campaign replete with stirring incidents the senator charged that his enemies desired to punish him for introducing the noted 2 o'clock closing law, which was a blow at the Barbary coast activities. All else, he asserted, was in the nature of a red herring trail to divert attention from the underlying motive. Although organized labor vehemently denied the implication the Ninth district seems to have been convinced that the sitting senator was more sinned against than sinning and the recall movement failed of its object.

PITY THE SORROWS OF THE RICH!

CONCEIVE, if you can, a greater curse to a boy of fifteen than to come into an inheritance of thirty or forty millions of dollars. When he was an infant he was known as the "ten million dollar baby;" litigation since then has been in progress which has recently been decided in the lad's favor, so that at the tender age of fifteen he is overwhelmed by riches beyond the conception of a Midas. In solitary grandeur, under constant espionage of nurse and bodyguard the "richest boy" has been reared, his mother fearing ever the advent of the kidnaper.

What has this youngster done that he should inherit so dreadful a fate? Why is he not carefree to play unwatched by duenna or custodian? Left to the resources of mud pies, sand hills, swimming holes, birdnesting, hookey, measles, birch rods and all the other joys and sorrows to which young America is heir. Perhaps, his window is grated at night lest porch-climbers mount to bear the youthful Croesus away for tribute? When he essays to dart outdoors, instantly, he is pursued and shadowed. His airings are never with lads of his age whose comings and goings disturb no one, whose trancies have no sinister relevancy. Alas, "the richest boy in the world" is practically a prisoner—and to his money!

Better by far that the litigation had gone against him or that he could be empowered to give his wealth to charity save, perhaps, a few hundred thousand dollars, far too much for a lad who has character to form and a future to carve. What a hideous weight to drop on the figure of a growing boy! Think of the joys in life that are denied him and which, in years to come, he will learn were unfairly withheld, to his bitterness of heart. Poor lad! Heir to forty millions of dollars and unable to go picnicking with the kids in the village, dive off the wooden bridge into deep water on a summer afternoon when the cicadas are thrilling in the wheat field and the meadowlarks trilling from the fence posts. What a fate is his!

TIP TO DEMOCRATIC STATE LEADERS

THERE is not the slightest reason to believe that the Democratic state central committee will "issue a clarion call" to Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti to enter the fight for the California governorship, so the gentleman from Amador county, now in Washington, may as well keep the cotton batting in his ears to prevent being unduly swayed by appeals to lead his party emanating from private individuals. Truth is the Caminetti cognomen smells not over sweet in California and its removal from public ken, until one of its bearers has expiated his sins in a place of retirement provided by the state for forced penitential purposes, is advisable. Caminetti as a candidate for governor on any ticket would be a sorry mistake.

More and more the sentiment is growing that the successful candidate for governor will be named south of the Tehachapi, which is causing astute Dem-

ocrats to pass in review the most available gubernatorial material in Southern California. In this category Isadore B. Dockweiler of Los Angeles, who was Franklin K. Lane's running mate in 1902, looms large and his name is oftener in the thoughts of the leaders than that of any other tentative candidate. Mr. Dockweiler is a persuasive orator, a man of singularly clear vision and whose mental poise is admirable for its judicial fairness. Unfortunately, he is not a rich man and with a large family to rear he can ill-afford to undertake the expense of a state campaign.

If a fund were to be subscribed by the Democratic party to insure the meeting of all legitimate expenses of his candidacy it is possible that Mr. Dockweiler might be induced to enter the lists. He is easily the best man of all those now before the public seeking the Democratic nomination and with the Republicans dividing the vote with the Progressives the Dockweiler ticket, well entrenched by desirable candidates for the minor offices, would stand an excellent chance of succeeding at the polls. Caminetti is impossible, Van Dyck is geographically at fault, as well as only faintly desirable otherwise; Hall is of mediocre attainments; in fact, the list is painfully unattractive, viewed through state-wide eyes. Dockweiler has the advantage of his previous campaign in which he polled 130,000 votes and, in addition, has the right residential focus. There is winning material in his direction.

SPECIOUS TOLL ARGUMENTS RIDDLED

PERHAPS, it is not necessary to apologize for devoting so much consideration to the free tolls controversy now agitating the country, but in view of the deliberate attempt of the Hearst papers to mislead the public, on the merits of the case, the equally reprehensible efforts of the opposing partisan papers to put the Democrats in a hole by making it appear that the repeal resolution is inimical to American rights and American welfare, together with the selfish resolutions of our coast chambers of commerce, the duty to combat all such attacks is of paramount importance. Firmly of the belief that the treaty of 1901 must be observed if our country is to have moral standing with foreign nations and opposed on principle to the subsidizing of private monopolies at the expense of the national treasury we advocate with all the force of our convictions the repeal of the invidious free tolls exemption clause.

Receipt of the debates in the house sheds additional light on the subject; they present so much sound argument of an incontrovertible nature that we are certain our readers will be interested in getting the point of view of the leaders whose sense of responsibility to their oath of office caused them to espouse the repeal resolution. One of the earlier speeches in support of the measure was that made by Representative Pou of North Carolina whose review of the specious arguments offered in favor of tolls retention offers abundant proof of the soundness of his position. Passing from the language employed by John Hay, one of the sanest, best and cleanest of our diplomats, whose verbiage is open to no misconstruction, in which he said, "There shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise." Mr. Pou turned to the economic question, remarking:

You may argue as much as you please, but the plain unvarnished truth is this free-toll exemption is a subsidy in its very nature. It cannot be anything else. It is estimated that canal tolls for the first year or so ought to amount to \$4,000,000. It is also estimated that one-half of this four millions would be collected from vessels engaged in coastwise trade. Now, what is the difference between a proposition to relieve these vessels from the payment of two millions of canal tolls and another proposition to pay the owners of such vessels exactly that amount out of the United States treasury? If these vessels pay tolls, the treasury gets the money. If they do not pay tolls, the treasury and the people lose just the amount remitted.

But we are told that if we give this advantage to our coastwise trade it will enable the companies owning coastwise steamers to charge cheaper freight rates. Who believes that for the million or two mil-

lions lost to the treasury, ergo, to the people, the latter will profit to that extent in lower freights? Is the marine carrying trade so vastly different from that of the land transportation lines that the motto, "all that the traffic will bear," is unregarded by the waterway corporations? Here is another thought, which Mr. Pou advances:

It is said by those who ought to know that the construction of the canal will reduce the distance across the continent just one-third. If this be true, and I have not heard it disputed, in the very nature of things the transcontinental railroads cannot compete for that class of freight which coastwise vessels can get at all. Perishable freight, which requires quick transportation, will always be carried by the railroads. There can be no competition between the canal and the railroads for that class of merchandise. And the class of freight which does not require quick transportation will find its way through the canal, whether we repeal the exemption or not, because, as I have said, it can be carried very much cheaper through the canal, tolls or no tolls. The rate actually charged by way of the canal will probably be just enough under the railroad rate to bring business. Inasmuch as the canal shortens the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts by one-third, the margin of difference in favor of the canal will be so great that the amount of tolls paid would hardly enter as a consideration.

Naturally, Chairman Adamson of the interoceanic canals committee, to whom was confided the task of piloting the resolution to victory, made the most comprehensive survey of the controversy and his scintillant speech in support of repeal is replete with telling arguments. The nonsensical talk of United States battleships having to pay tolls was properly dismissed in a few words. The canal, the battleships and the tolls all belong to the United States, hence under any theory the only requirement would be to keep a census of the use of the canal by the government. But the point is that by Article 2 of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, our government is permitted to construct the canal in any way it chooses and enjoy the exclusive right to provide for the regulation and management of the canal. Certainly, that gives the owner (our government) the right to pass its own property, subject to the provisions of the treaty. The rule applying reads:

When based upon net registered tonnage for ships of commerce the tolls shall not exceed \$1.25 per net registered ton, nor be less, other than for vessels of the United States and its citizens.

Repeal of free tolls is gained by striking out of the above sentence the words, "other than the vessels of the United States." Obviously, it leaves as subject to tolls "ships of commerce" and no others. There is no warrant nor yet any foundation for the assertion that battleships were involved at all. Says Mr. Adamson, "The official ships belonging to the government of the United States are not mentioned in the Panama canal act, nor should they be. The toll provision of section 5 deals with vessels which should pay tolls and has nothing to do with official vessels of the government, which, as the owner of the vessels, tolls, and canal, would stultify itself to consider the question of paying tolls to itself." This leaves the railroad bugaboo the sole stock in trade of the Knowland ranters and their ilk and on this point it is interesting to note the Adamson argument in full. Says he:

You were not told by the other side that most of the valuable ships in the coastwise trade are owned by the railroads or in alliance with the railroads, and the evidence is that one company accused of being in alliance with the railroads, but denying it, keeps a grapevine telegraph communicating with the directors' offices of all the railroads and fixes the steamship rates just a little lower every time the railroads file a tariff. The evidence is not only of that line, but of other lines also capable of competing, that they will not compete at all—that line has enough ships to do all the coastwise business that will ever be done through the canal and that it always will do it in defiance of all companies and that the others will not compete with it. That company, the American Hawaiian Company, has been transshipping over the Tehautepec Railroad; it pays to that railroad one-third of its entire freight rate; it loses two weeks' time loading and unloading ships on the opposite sides of the isthmus. One-third of the freight rate is 33½ per cent; two weeks' loss of time for the ships to load and unload is 25 per cent, which makes 58½ per cent, and they have to pay stokers and laborers for their work of transshipping, which would certainly be 8½ per cent, making 66½ per cent. When they can sail ships through the canal without loss of time and without the expense of loading and unloading or dividing with the Te-

hauntepec Railroad they will save 66½ per cent out of which to pay tolls at the canal. That company can pop its heels and jump up and defy not only all railroads, but all steamship companies for the business through the canal, and it can haul freight for the amount of the tolls plus 33½ per cent, their present charges. No railroad on earth would handle goods 500, much less 3,000, miles for that rate. The railroads never expected to compete on their own tracks with the canal. The railroads expected to get the free tolls and then run ships parallel with their own lines, drive off competition, and raise the rates to their own level.

Former Senator Bard's amendment, which sought to exempt coastwise ships, was adverted to by Mr. Adamson. That substitute was for article 3 of the first draft of the treaty, which, says Adamson, had already been stricken out on the motion of Senator Foraker, hence it was not germane and was promptly defeated, as also was Senator Bacon's motion which essayed to abrogate article 8 of the Clayton-Bulwer convention bearing on equality of use of the canal. This also was defeated by the senate by a vote of 60 to 18, even Senator Bard voting against the amendment as he did for the treaty itself. Space forbids further consideration of Chairman Adamson's able and convincing speech. We hope it will take the form of a public document, however, and find nationwide distribution. It hits jingoism fairly between its squint-eyes and shows how the free tolls plank in the Baltimore platform was edged in though wholly at variance with the denunciation of subsidy measures that would place burdens on the people or take money from the treasury. It is a pity that he did not give the names of those coast congressmen who told him that he was absolutely right in his contentions, but as their friends at home felt the other way, they would be compelled to vote against him. Who are these misrepresentatives? They ought to resign at once.

CHAMP CLARK AND THE "JACKAL PRESS"

WHAT constitutes the "jackal press" to which Speaker Clark alludes in his swan song address opposing repeal of free tolls? Presumably, the Missourian intended reference to the opposition papers—which find in the free tolls controversy opportunity to make a party issue and disrupt Democratic harmony. But what greater jackal than his newspaper backer, Hearst, can be named in the entire list of publishers of Republican organs? On the outskirts of the administration camp the jackals of the Hearst entourage take their stand and paw over the political refuse there dumped in the search for gangrenous matter. When they find such what a howl of satisfaction arises! How hideous their cries!

It is an unfortunate allusion that Champ Clark makes. That is, unfortunate for his political sponsor, since no matter what he may have had in mind, the intelligent public can arrive at but one conclusion. No act is too contemptible for the Hearst jackals in the effort to discredit the President and his secretary of state. Speeches are deliberately twisted, as in Ambassador Page's case, facts are constantly distorted and motives fiendishly misinterpreted. Jackals? It is the work of ghouls. Poe's description fits their chief harpy who dances and yells as he knells, knells, knells his jangling bells, bells, bells and in his maleficent press attempts to inspire contempt for the chief magistrate of the country. What more traitorous work than his? What more pernicious jackallic instinct is anywhere evinced?

Speaker Clark could not forbear the opportunity to make a gallery play when he said, "The fact that I am making this fight for our platform pledges may end my public career." With similar insincerity he added, "There are many things worse than being defeated for congress, or defeated for the speakership, and even worse than to be defeated for the presidency. One of them is to repudiate the platform on which you were elected to office." Another is to be compelled by the chief jackal to take up arms against the leader of one's party to pay political debts. That is Champ Clark's position. Far worse than his defeat for the presidency to the country would have been his election, for in that case the jackal press would have been seated on the presidential carcass by this time picked clean.

Brief Studies of Alfred Noyes' Work---III. By HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

ALL who have read Mr. Noyes' "Sherwood will at once recognize the fact that pastoral poetry is his fort. And, perhaps the most beautiful of all his songs is the "Companion of a Mile" in the next scene of the Mermaid Tavern Tales. Beneath the Inn window there stands one morning in May, Will Kemp, the morrice dancer, who actually danced across England—from London to Norwich, in nine days and was proclaimed:

Freeman of Merchant Venturers and hedge-king Of English morrice-dancery for ever.

Kemp enters the Mermaid Tavern with a throng of dancers and jesters. It is the first of May. While the throng is making merry, Sir John Suckling comes in, waving a ballad above his head. It is the song "The Companion of a Mile," which commemorates Kemp's nimble and enduring feat:

With Georgie Spratt my overseer, and Thomas Slye, my tabourer,
And William Bee, my courier, when dawn emblazed the skies,
I met a tall young butcher as I danced by little Sunbury,
Head-master o' morrice-dancers all, high head-borough of hyes.

By Sudbury, by Sudbury, by little red-roofed Sudbury,
He wished to dance a mile with me! I made a courtly bow;
I fitted him with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and tenor bells,
And "Tickle your tabor, Tom," I cried, "we're going to market now.

And rollicking down the lanes we dashed and frolicking up the hills we clashed,
And like a sail behind me flapped his great white frock a-while,
Till, with a gasp, he sank and swore that he could dance with me no more;
And over the hedge a milk-maid laughed, "Not dance with him a mile?"

"You lout!" she laughed, "I'll leave my pail and dance with him for cakes and ale!
"I'll dance a mile for love," she laughed, "and win my wager too.
Your feet are shod and mine are bare; but when could leather dance on air?
A milk-maid's feet can fall as fair and light as falling dew."

I fitted her with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and tenor bells;
The fore-bells, as I linked them at her throat, how soft they sang!
Green linnet in a golden nest they chirped and trembled on her breast,
And, faint as elfin blue-bells, at her nut brown ankles rang.

The tabor fainted far away behind me, but her feet that day
They beat a rosier morrice o'er the fairy-circled green,
And o'er a field of buttercuts, a field of lambs and buttercups,
We danced along a cloth of gold, a summer king and queen. . . .

Her rosy lips they never spoke, though every rosy foot-fall broke
The dust, the dust to Eden-bloom; and, past the throbbing blue
All ordered to her rhythmic feet, the stars were dancing with my sweet,
And all the world a morrice-dance! She knew not, but I knew. . . .

And Death was but a change of key in Life the golden melody,
And Time became Eternity, and Heaven a fleeting smile;
For all was each and each was all, and all a wedded unity,
Her heart in mine and mine in my companion of a mile.

At Melford town, at Melford town, at little grey-roofed Melford town,
A long mile from Sudbury, upon the village green,
We danced into a merry rout of country-folk that slept about
A hobby-horse, a May-pole and a laughing white-pot queen.

They thronged about us as we stayed and there I gave my sunshine maid
An English crown for cakes and ale—her dancing was so true!
And "Nay," she said, "I danced my mile for love!" I answered with a smile,
"Tis but a silver token, lass, thou'st won that wager too."

I took my least of morrice-bells, my treble, bass and tenor bells,
They pealed like distant marriage-bells! And up came William Bee

With Georgie Spratt, my overseer, and Thomas Slye, my tabourer,
"Farewell!" she laughed and vanished with a Suffolk courtesie.
* * * * *

As I came home by Sudbury, by little red-roofed Sudbury,
I waited for my bare-foot maid among her satin kine!
I heard a peal of wedding-bells, of treble, bass and tenor bells;
"Ring well!" I cried, "this bridal morn! You soon shall ring for mine.

I found her foot-prints in the grass, just where she stood and saw me pass.
I stood within her own sweet field and waited for my may.
I laughed. The dance had turned about! I stand within; she'll pass without,
And—down the road the wedding came, the road I danced that day!

I saw the wedding folk go by with laughter and with minstrelsy,
I gazed across her own sweet hedge, I caught her happy smile,
I saw the tall young butcher pass to little red-roofed Sudbury,
His bride upon his arm, my lost companion of a mile.

The next scene depicts that notable incident in the life of Ben Jonson, his imprisonment for a fancied offence to King James, in the play "Eastward Ho!" written by Chapman, Marston and Jonson. Mr. Noyes handles the incident with a mixture of broad humor and delicacy that serves to rob it of tragedy. Jonson, Marston and Chapman, through the clever intervention of Selden and Camden, are pardoned and released. They return to the Inn and Camden describes his interview with the King. It is well known that King James disliked tobacco.

"Ah," said the shrewd King, goggling his great eyes Cannily. "Did he not defame the Scots?"
"That's true," said Camden like a man that hears Truth for the first time. "O, ay, he defamed 'em!"
The King said very wisely, once again.
"Ah, but," says Camden like a man that strives With more than mortal wit, "only such Scots As flout your majesty—and take tobacco.
He is a Scot himself and hath the gift of preaching."

Then we gave him Jonson's lines Against Virginia. "Neither do thou lust After the tawny weed; for who can tell Before the gathering and the making up What alligarta may have spawned thereon," Or words to that effect.

"Magneificent!" Spluttered the King—"who knows, who knows, indeed? That's a grand touch, that Alligarta, Camden!"
"The Scot who wrote those great and splendid words," Said Camden, "languishes in Newgate, sire."

"God bless my soul," Spluttered the King, goggling his eyes again, "What do you make of it, Camden?"
"I should say, A Puritan plot, sire; for these justices— Who use tobacco—use their law, it seems, To flout your majesty at every turn. If this continue, sire, there'll not be left A royal ear or nose in all your realm."

At that our noble monarch well-nigh swooned. He waved his hand And rose. "These men must be released at once!" Then, as I think, to seek a safer place, He waddled from the room, his rickety legs Doubling beneath that great green feather-bed He calls his 'person.'—I shall dream tonight Of spiders, Camden.—But in half an hour Inigo Jones was armed with Right Divine To save such ears and noses as the ball Required for its perfection. Think of that! And let this earthly ball remember, too, That Chapman, Marston and our great big Ben Owe their poor adjuncts to—ten Grecian robes And 'Jonson' on tobacco! England loves Her poets, Oh, supremely when they are dead."

The "ten Grecian robes" refers to the masques which the ladies of King James' court were about to give when the poets of the masque, Jonson, Chapman and Marston, were imprisoned. The scene that follows, "The Burial of a Queen," is somber and beautiful with its lyrics describing the real and the mock funerals of Mary Queen of Scots. Chapman, Browne, Herrick, Drayton, Lodge, Drummond and Ford are seated about the fireplace of the Inn. The erstwhile pot-boy, now a man and host of the Mermaid, tells of the entrance of the grave-digger, old Scarlet, who is quite willing after he has been warmed by ale, to recount his experiences. A mysterious ruby is seen to come and go on his hand as he sits in the glow of the fire. Ford comments upon

it, leading to a recount of the jewel's significance. That is, however, another story, much too long to quote.

The Burial of a Queen is the title to that somberly beautiful description of the real and the mock funeral of Mary Queen of Scots. Chapman, Browne, Herrick, Drayton, Lodge, Drummond, and Ford are seated about the fireplace of the Mermaid Tavern. The erstwhile pot-boy, now a grown man and host of the Inn, tells of the entrance of the grave-digger, Old Scarlet:

Suddenly in the porch I heard a sound Of iron that grated on flags. A spade And pick came edging through the door. (description).

O, room!
Room for the master-craftsman, muttered Ford And grey old sexton Scarlet hobbled in. He shuffled off the snow that clogged his boots, —On my clean rushes—brushed it from his cloak, Blew out his lanthorn, hung it on a nail, Leaned his rude pick and spade against the wall, Flung back his rough frieze hood, flapped his gaunt arms, And called for ale.

"Come to the fire," said Lodge. "Room for the wisest counsellor of kings, The kindly sage that puts us all to bed, And tucks us up beneath the grass-green quilt."

"Plenty of work, eh Timothy?" said Ben. "Work? Where's my liquor? O, ay, there's work to spare," Old Scarlet croaked, then quaffed his creaming stoup.

While Ben said softly—"Pity you could not spare You and your Scythe-man, some of the golden lads That I have seen here in the Mermaid Inn!" Then with a quiet smile he shook his head And turned to Master Drummond of Hawthornden. "Well, songs are good; but flesh and blood are better.

The gray old tomb of Horace glows for me Across the centuries, with one little fire Lit by a girl's light hand." Then, under breath, Yet with some passion, he murmured this brief rhyme:

"Dulce Ridentem, laughing through the ages, Dulce loquentem, O fairer far to me, Rarer than the wisdom of all his golden pages Floats the happy laughter of his vanished Lalage.

The sexton comments upon the rhyme, then calls attention to himself, beginning with a recitation of his experiences.

He rose to his feet, Picked up his spade and struck an attitude, Leaning upon it. "I've got to feel my spade Or I'll forget it. This is the way I speak it Always." And with a schoolboy's rigid face And eyes fixed on the rafters, he began Sing-song, the pedlar poet's bunch of rhymes:

As I went by the cattle-shed The grey dew dimmed the grass, And, under a twisted apple-tree, Old Robin Scarlet stood by me. "Keep watch! Keep watch tonight," he said, "There's things 'ull come to pass.

"Keep watch until the moon has cleared The thatch of yonder rick; Then I'll come out of my cottage-door To wait for the coach of a queen once more; And—you'll say nothing of what you've heard But rise and follow me quick."

. . . . He stood beneath a lilac spray, And never a word he said; But as I stole out of the house, He pointed over the orchard boughs, Where, not with dawn or sunset The Northern sky grew red.

I followed him and half in fear, To the old farm-gate again; And, round the curve of the long white road, I saw that the dew-dashed hedges glowed Red with the grandeur drawing near, And the torches of her train.

They carried her down with singing, With singing sweet and low, Slowly round the curve they came, Twenty torches dropping flame. The heralds that were bringing her The way we all must go.

At the conclusion of the evening's talk the sexton, old Scarlet, rises and says:

. . . . I'll tell you something more, There's nothing, nothing now in life or death That frightens me. Ah, things used to frighten me. But never now. I thought I had ten years; But if the warning comes and says, "Thou fool, This night!" why, then, I'm ready.

On Christmas eve we heard that he was dead.

-o- Art of the Stratford Players---By MARSHALL ILLSLEY -o-

AH, what a heavy loss, now they are gone! What bare prose the everyday world after living in the high company of kings, torn by splendid passions, moved by intense emotions, dipped in mighty sorrows, and all attuned to the exquisite rhythm of noble poetry! As Emily Dickinson puts it, "Oh, how dreary marbles after playing crowns."

It was an experience never to be forgotten, one whole glorious week of Shakespeare! I was not devoted to Shakespeare on the stage, that is the surprising part of my experience. I was more likely to come away from even a gorgeous production with a sense of disappointment and vague discomfort as of having lost something precious out of the play, rather than of having gained fresh insights. And the something lost was always the poetry. There might be drama, passion, character and pageant, but somehow the poetry had evaporated. But these English players, whatever else they did, or did not give us, gave us the poetry of Shakespeare in full measure. And I mean more than just a correct, dignified reading of the lines, I mean that the whole atmosphere of the piece, the fundamental conception was steeped in poetry. The texture was rich all the way through, there were no thin, mean, disillusioning patches: every word was spoken intelligently, every dummy, even, was sympathetic.

Think what it would mean to the artistic life of a city to have access to such a noble and refreshing pleasure, say, once a week as to a symphony concert: a different drama of Shakespeare for twenty weeks on end done as this well-trained company can do them, where each person humbles himself to the poet's (and the director's!) will, and plays for the ensemble, never to exploit his own individuality, just as the flute and violin and double-bass subordinate themselves to the spirit of Maestro Beethoven and Mr. Tandler, and the greater the individual musician the more perfect the subordination, the more perfect the ensemble.

* * *

One great pleasure in following the work of a repertory company is from seeing the same actor assume several roles—now a king, now a fool, and now perhaps a blind beggar, showing his ability to create widely varying types of character. What a group of actors was here, where Mr. Ayrton passed from Pistol to Gratiano, from Gratiano to John of Gaunt, to Touchstone and to King Claudius, each character entirely different, and each magnificently portrayed! And where Mr. Caine could do Fluellen, Launcelot Gobbo and the Gravedigger, all with equal distinction, and with his delicious inflections and rolling eyes. What is this mystery of personal magnetism, that an actor has but to appear and utter one word, and he has the whole audience joyfully his? No matter what Mr. Caine did we all wanted to hug him!

And what a contrast from the irresistible laughter and mad pranks of Mistress Page in the "Merry Wives" to the exquisite and melting Ophelia of Miss McDowell, as tender and pitiful a presentment of the part as I ever saw. It would be a pleasure to go through the whole list of these accomplished artists and speak of contrasted achievements—Mr. Cochran's classic work as King and Duke, Bishop, Justice and Lord Chamberlain, never repeating his effects, but always clean cut as a cameo; then there was Miss St. John's adorable boys and pages full of swagger and fun, and that best of qualities—charm; and Mr. Calvert's solid, quiet old men and the ghost, as well as his substantial Falstaff.

The most supremely beautiful scene of the week if I were to choose one for remembrance, would be the casket scene of the "Merchant of Venice." The dark Gordon Craig curtains hanging from the very heavens in magnificent simplicity with only the break of the sunny doorway, made a superb setting for the rich Venetian costumes, the loveliest costumes, perhaps, that men and women have ever worn, designed in an age of gorgeous art to set off the points of manly beauty—the fine leg, the strong throat, and equally well to heighten feminine grace in the close fitting body and sweeping draperies.

* * *

One gloated over each grouping of this scene, for swift, easy and unstudied as the action appeared every pause was a picture of the highest art, perfection to the last finger tip and fold of a cape or gown, absolute Titians and Paul Veroneses. One saw not only Portia and Bassanio, but Mr. Carrington and Miss Green embodied all the glorious company of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines. Like the overtones of a violin one heard and saw at the same time Romeo and Juliet, Miranda and Ferdinand, Rosalind and Orlando, Beatrice and Benedict—those figures immortal youth, unfading beauty, and undying love. Youth, beauty, love, a divine illusion, and

when the remorseless curtain brought it to an end you were ready to "weep from the sad whole of pleasure!"

Back, and in, and of it all was the master mind, the director, interpreter and fashioner, whose taste, craftsmanship, scholarship, and years of patient work had come to high fruition. Praise to all the performers, but more than praise to Mr. Benson,—profound admiration and lasting gratitude for having enriched our lives by examples of an art of the noblest and purest quality. Never again can I have doubts of Shakespeare on the stage. Shakespeare with his poetry retained is the only spoken and acted Shakespeare I want, and that is precisely Mr. Benson's unique achievement, he presents a poetic drama. And a truly poetic drama is not a measured, stilted, artificial and lifeless drama by any means, that is just what it is not. It is above all natural, simple, beautiful, wherein verse and figure of speech seem the very tongue of human emotion.

Of his own work, it is difficult to choose, but perhaps because it was so new to me I was most touched by his Richard II., a play the poetry of which I had long admired, I doubted of its dramatic qualities. To my surprise and joy there was not one tedious moment. In the first place it was a noble pageant, a splendid picture of heraldry and knightly circumstance, illuminating and instructive. It made near and human, and full of passion, the quaint forms in armor that stand so dead and far away in the resounding corridors of the world's museums, mere empty shells of an age outworn, and which it is impossible to believe were ever tenanted by souls with parts, passions and fears like to ourselves.

Mr. Benson struck the note of Richard's weakness in the opening scene. An effeminate, luxury-loving, secure, poetic dreamer, thrust into the seat of the king of a distracted and torn kingdom, what was there but tragedy in store? He lolled upon a sofa dallying with a rose, his slender white hand fondling a spaniel idly, while two of his most powerful nobles were bearding each other in a rending passion there in the very presence of their king, so that when he bids them cease it is as if he were saying to the waves, be still. The whole play is epitomized in that opening scene—the character of the king, the character of Bolingbroke, the state of the kingdom.

* * *

Only an artist of the finest grain could interpret the divine poetry of this play. It demands not only acting and imagination, but culture of a breadth and depth few actors, alas, have achieved; and what is more rare, a breeding, an inheritance of culture, that has been denied many who find their way to honor upon the stage. Mr. Benson is to the manner born, and there is no most delicate nuance of the verse the beauty of which he does not feel. Our realistic drama of late has offered many types of coarse, low, brutal character, and we have acclaimed actors for their ability to hold up the mirror to nature, as if kings, gentlemen, scholars, poets and prophets were not also types of human nature. To make them live before our eyes demands a far wider and deeper knowledge of humanity and history, a far richer art, than to embody the coarse and low of contemporary society.

The presentation of "Hamlet" was memorable for the quality I have praised in the other plays, the poetry that colored it from end to end. I would have had Hamlet's make-up younger, the Queen's older, Horatio's more soldier-like and rugged—details that one criticised, but which never obscured the unfolding of the mighty play. Mr. Benson's delivery of the great speeches was always satisfying. They were the expressions of a tortured soul, torn from the very depths of the heart. His values were masterly. He kept the speech to the players in a low key to save his big efforts, and the famous soliloquy was an intense communing with himself, as it should be. His one burst of love to Ophelia was heart-rending, the memory of which clutches my throat now. And when he got to the tremendous, volcanic climaxes he had all his forces in reserve, and his passion was devastating. In reading the play the fight at the grave, and the calmly arranged fencing bout always seemed almost beyond credence coming on the heels of the terrible explosions that have gone before, but as acted one accepted them without question, even to the jumping of Laertes into the grave.

* * *

Mr. Benson's Hamlet was distracted to the verge of insanity, but to my mind never was insane. Where reason goes the tragedy is over, as in the close of Ophelia and Lear. The dramatic contest of opposing wills, or the will against fate, is done when the reason gives way and confesses itself beaten. Madness like death closes the contest. Hamlet feigned insanity to gain a definite end; though swept into a very

maelstrom of distracting passions and ghostly fears you believe his will still attempted to guide his actions.

And one cannot close without a word about Mr. Benson's wonderful Shylock, a figure that never once suggested the actor. It was a terrible, pitiful, hated and hateful old man. The make-up was marvellous and suggested a famous Rembrandt portrait. The business was rich, full, consistent and illuminating. Shylock's return with a lantern to his deserted house was a thrilling picture.

Almost never could I see any point of the business that might be improved, but in the court scene if Portia could stand up one step it would add to her dignity and authority by bringing her slightly above Shylock and Antonio. Her robe was too full and took away from her height.

And when at Belmont Jessica denounces her father to Bassanio and Portia, it was quite shocking to have her so cheerful and forth-putting about it. The poor girl was glad to escape with the stolen goods, but one would like a trace of tenderness or pity for her father, and if that speech could be drawn out as it were like a bitter yet terrible confession it would win the sympathy of the audience for Jessica. *En passant*, I would praise the superb costume of Jessica, and the half lighted scene of her at the window, full of mystery and poetry.

Another significant effect of shadow was Bolingbroke's first accession to the throne when Richard is still on the steps and cannot believe he is not still the king. Richard is in a blaze of light, Bolingbroke seated in the dark shadow of a banner. When Richard finally descends the light falls in full effulgence on the throned figure of Bolingbroke. It was a masterly touch of stagecraft.

In writing to a friend about the "Merry Wives of Windsor," I said it took me back in its naive abandon, its joyous dancing and Homeric laughter a thousand years, more or less, to the days of the Vokes family. Are there any of the readers of this appreciation who recall Fred and Rosina Vokes in the "Belles of the Kitchen?" That my comparison was valid was proved yesterday when a clever woman in speaking of the "Merry Wives" said, "Of course, you don't remember the Vokes family?" And I cried, "You, too, were reminded of that laughter of our youth—Rosina Vokes!"

Only an English company could play the "Merry Wives." We Americans are too sophisticated, too self conscious; the English still have a fund of naiveté and robust animal spirits that make it possible to throw themselves whole-heartedly into primitive and boylike fun.

For, all in all, we shall not look upon their like again—unless, perchance, we can prevail upon them to make a speedy return.

GRAPHITES

Comes April now with vernal pulses stirred,
An open page from Nature's wondrous Word;
And in our hearts the longing to be free
Of desk and grind finds echo ceaselessly.

In San Francisco Albert C. Toll committed suicide today by shooting himself in the right temple. Evidently, he believed in repeal.

Alack-a-day! "General" Kelley, late leader of the unwashed army at Sacramento, has been found guilty of vagrancy and is to be sentenced Saturday. Farewell, a long farewell to all his fancied greatness.

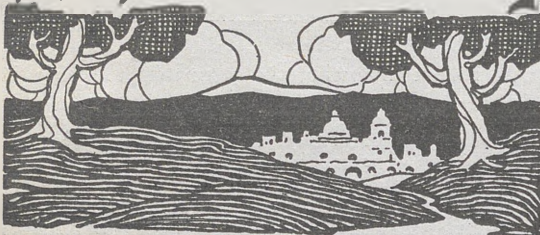
That Pasadena girl who was injured in an automobile accident and sued for \$20,000 because she was unable to wear décolleté gowns was denied financial award for alleged damages. She may recover otherwise.

President Wilson bears no malice to the Pacific coast despite the raucous voices of its Kahns and Knowlands. He has asked congress for an appropriation of \$500,000 for a government exhibit at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

That "adobe house" at Torreon in which the Velasco remnant is said to be entrenched is likely to prove as historical as the famous Alamo at San Antonio. Too bad that Velasco's cause is not so just as was that of the Alamo defenders.

By going on record against state-wide prohibition the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce emphasizes the tactical error that was made in not excluding the native grape-wine industry from the provisions of the proposed drastic act. Better half a loaf than no bread.

By the Way



Once Brilliant Mind Agley

Old-time readers of The Graphic will recall with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret my predecessor in the editorial chair, the brilliant, scintillant, erudite, playfully cynical, philosophical R. Hay Chapman, formerly managing editor of the old Morning Herald. A graduate of Cambridge, Dieck wielded a trenchant yet ever a graceful pen, and it was a loss to the local literary firmament when he went to San Francisco to take up the cause of the harried Calhoun. "Just for a handful of silver he left us, alas," and it was to his undoing, for in the mad whirl of that campaign to preserve Calhoun from undergoing the fate that befell Ruef Dick's finely-attuned brain gave way and the once delicately responsive mind became as a blank to things mundane and rational. For nearly two years the poor fellow was cared for in a private asylum in the north, but for more than a year he has been harbored in Agnew's state hospital in Santa Clara county, at times a victim of violent mental aberration. For years Dick was a popular member of the Sunset Club and last Friday night his old associates were thrilled and touched by the recital of a recent visit paid by Dr. John R. Haynes, a fellow Sunsetter, to Agnew's. Said the doctor, who is a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections:

Of course I inquired for our old friend, Dick. A baseball game was in progress and Dick was among the spectators. The superintendent called to him and O, how changed he was in appearance from the Dick we knew in the days of yore. "Do you know me, Dick?" I inquired. A quizzical smile played across his face. "You," he replied, "are the father of direct legislation." I had to laugh and acknowledged the corn. "Do you love your Savior?" he inquired. "I hope so," I answered. "Then excuse me a minute," he interposed, "I have a talisman for you." Going over to a vacant seat he whipped out a sheet of paper and rapidly wrote off the Lord's prayer in Greek, which he handed to me with the most serious air. I put it in my pocket assuring him that it would be read with all care. We chatted for a few minutes and then he returned to watch the game, having lost all interest in me. Dr. Stocking tells me there is a bare chance of Dick's recovery to normal, but there is no certainty.

Here is the curious sequel to the Lord's prayer in Greek, as written by my old friend. At Cambridge Dick took honors in Greek and at one time read and wrote both the old and modern Greek languages. Before he left his English home he had a quarrel with his father, a Church of England clergyman, whom he never forgave for a real or fancied injury. His mother he adored. The Lord's prayer, strange to say, evades the paternal form of invocation and employs the feminine gender. It begins, "My mother who art in heaven," and throughout the prayer maintains this invidious apostrophe. This was confirmed by the Greek scholar of the Sunset Club, Judge E. W. Camp whose tendency to read Euripides in the original to lull himself to sleep I have long suspected, an impeachment the chief counsel of the Santa Fe has diffidently admitted. Poor old Dick! He was a rare character before evil days came upon him and we all pray that he may be restored to sanity and his friends.

Those Mysterious Rumors

I suppose everyone in the last few months has heard certain sensational rumors concerning the financial standing of several of the mercantile houses in Los Angeles which have been regarded as eminently successful. The source of these has always been a mystery, for it is certain that if there had been any truth in them the establishments concerned would have had to go into receiverships long ago. The Times pretends to have discovered the source in "dynamite and labor union circles" and without going so far as to accuse the Record openly, introduces its theory by recalling the sensational "What's the Matter With Los Angeles" series of several months ago in the Scripps' sheet. Of course, anything the Times says about the Record must be taken with the same degree of caution as anything Earl says about Otis—it may have a grain of truth but this will be distorted out of all semblance to its original self before it is turned over to the public. If the Record had any important circulation it would,

perhaps, have had a depressing effect upon the business community, through its frank sympathy with the anarchistic I. W. W. and army of loafers which dignifies itself with the title "unemployed." I doubt the Times' insinuation that the Record publishers would maliciously seek to destroy the credit of firms which refused to advertise in their paper.

Prof. Edwards' Wives

Sunsetters will appreciate a good joke on their fellow-member Prof. A. E. Edwards, who is also one of the scintillant stars of the Twilight Club of Pasadena. Tuesday night the club held its monthly dinner at the Raymond where Mrs. Walter Raymond was hostess to a dozen of the wives of Twilight members in an adjoining room. After dinner Captain Charles T. Leeds, U. S. A., gave an entertaining talk on the work of the army engineer corps with especial reference to harbor development. Before the program began Prof. Edwards, whose wife was one of Mrs. Raymond's guests, rose from his seat and suggested that "inasmuch as a dozen of our wives are present," it would be a graceful act to invite them to listen to Captain Leeds' paper. The club acquiesced, when, quick as a flash the brilliant Dr. Robert Freeman jumped to his feet and moved that Prof. Edwards be delegated a committee of one to escort his dozen wives to seats. Amid roars of laughter the motion carried and the procession filed in.

Weakly Freak "Foiled by Fate"

Today's first issue of the new weekly publication, "The Weakly Freak"—published last Monday—contains a striking example of the tricks that are played by circumstances when we would be at our best. The first article in the paper is a story entitled "Foiled by Fate," and fate certainly was at work, for here is the way the climax of the story appeared in the paper, after the printers were through with it

I stumbled to my feet and reeled to my log cabin. To I stumbled to my feet and reeled to my log cabin. "To My God!"

Nor was fate the only individual playing tricks. A person signing himself, "E. Forbes-Wilkinson" contributes a department beginning with this line, "The sins that you do by two and two, you must pay for one by one," which heretofore has been believed to be from Kipling's "Tomlinson." Still, these are things which may easily happen in the turmoil of publishing a first issue. The only criticism is that the publication is not nearly so freakish as one would hope from the name.

Proved Her Social Position

"Crossing cops" occasionally exchange funny quips with recalcitrant chauffeurs, chauffeuses and auto drivers. Here is one that is going the rounds: A young matron who drives her own car, and has enough of the Celt in her to warrant a ready reply, was approaching the Broadway and Seventh street crossing, and, paying more attention to her companions than to the policeman's signals, bowled over the intersection on the wrong signal. The crossing "cop" is no respecter of sex in drivers and called to the young woman, who did not heed the warning; the second cry, louder than the first, with an order to back up, was met with her retort, "What's the matter with you, you d-d fool, can't you see I'm a lady?" to the utter astonishment of the street guardian. The same young widow drove her car over to The Huntington to make a call not long ago and left her auto close to the entrance, within the forbidden parking strip. The obsequious doorman directed attention to the fact that autos were not allowed to stand there, whereupon a sharp passage occurred in which she told the flunky he could move it himself if he didn't like it. Returning, presently, the owner of the car remarked to her companion in a high-pitched voice that carried easily to the doorman: "Too bad, Mrs. Huntington was not in." At which the bebuttoned attendant, in spite of the dignity of his position, hurriedly put himself in cranking position in front of the auto, cranked it on signal from the chauffeur, saluted with much deference and forgot the tip.

Status of Decollete Gown Defined

At length, the courts have been forced to take cognizance of the decollete gown—not as to its morality or otherwise, but as to the right of a woman to wear it, or to protect her charms which make the wearing of one possible. A young woman of Pasadena was struck by an automobile, and so injured that a scar was left on her shoulder when the wounds healed. She sued for \$20,000, claiming that her social prospects were ruined by reason of the fact that she never would be able to wear a dress cut low in the neck. Judge Jackson, in his instructions to the jury, ignored the social plea, and the young woman was given only \$250 damages. It is thus established that a decollete gown is not to be regarded as a necessity in the career of a woman. There are many who, na-

ture not having been kind, are forever barred from thus adorning, or unadorned themselves, for public affairs, and so, presumably, the learned judge deduced that what was out of the question for a great part of the sex, could not be regarded as imperative for the remainder. My sympathies to the young woman, but for once at least law and equity seem to go hand in hand.

English Accent and American Audiences

It is with considerable interest that the player folk will watch for the decision in the suit of Herbert Standing against Oliver Morosco for \$3,500 for breach of contract. Mr. Morosco says that Standing's English accent is so marked that his lines do not "get across," and Standing replies that whatever his speech may be, it is English, and that he was hired to speak that language, and not any western hemisphere corruption thereof, or words to that effect. As a matter of fact, American audiences have no difficulty in understanding real English actors. Forbes Robertson's company was a delight, the "Milestones" players and the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespearean organization likewise. It is the actor who tries to ape the real English accent, and gets a sort of hybrid between Lancashire and cockney who puzzles the audiences, and usually he is an American. Not having seen Mr. Standing on the stage, or heard him speak, I do not know to which class he belongs, but doubtless the jury will be able to decide that point after hearing him in court.

Little Theater Echoes Still Heard

Not yet have those who had faith in the presence in Los Angeles of an intelligent playgoing public, ceased theorizing about the failure of the Little Theater. One of the latest of these comes from a woman who says she knows several persons who did not know the Little Theater had opened until after it was closed. This, she says, is because the morning newspapers publish the theatrical news in the sporting section, and the sort of people who would have been interested in the Little Theater, had they known about it, never look at that part of the paper, with its pugilistic news and crude "comics."

Latest in April Foolery

He is a young married man, so I will protect him, as his indiscretion was, in its way, innocent enough, though his prominence in certain sportive club circles tempts me. He found on his desk at the office a memorandum, "Call up Miss Lyon at East 33—personal." He unconsciously straightened his necktie and called the number. A man's voice, rather gruff, answered. "Is Miss Lyon there?" our hero asked. "Well—yes—I guess she is. She was, the last time I looked," was the reply. "I would like to speak to her." "Well, I don't know about that." "Why not?" "Well, it's not customary." "Now look here, I've a message on my desk asking me to call up Miss Lyon, and I want to speak to her." My friend was growing annoyed at the grumpy individual at the other end of the wire. "All right, my gay young friend," came the retort, "if you want to speak to Miss Lyon you come on down here and go in the cage yourself." "What place is this?" young Romeo inquired. "The Wild Animal Farm," was the reply, and the receivers banged simultaneously.

Where Are Those Plays?

Lost—two plays. One, by Otheman Stevens, guaranteed to be stage-broke and suitable for immediate use. One, by Richard Barry, regarding which less is known. Stevens' play was to have been produced by Oliver Morosco at the Burbank, but it has a certain amount of intelligence in it, and Mr. Morosco has taken warning by the fate of the Little Theater and has gone in for musical comedy with considerable success. Barry's play was to have followed Montgomery's at the Little Theater, and, after Montgomery, there was no Little Theater. Verily, as George Broadhurst moans, the way of the dramatist is hard.

Spooks and Spook-Hunters

"There are more spooks and spook hunters in Los Angeles," said Dr. James M. Buckley at the Methodist General Conference here in 1904, "than anywhere else its size in the world." I believe it is true. Who would have expected to find in an ordinary office in a down-town office building such a weird crew as that of the Order of the Fifteen, whose devotions were broken up last week by a shooting affair, caused by the desire of an emotional youth to provide a sacrifice to the "all seeing eye?" Swamis keep swarming here, a few real ones and more fake ones, until all the conglomerate mysticism and its spurious offshoots from India, Egypt, Persia, and other out of the way countries, have become well represented. Negroes are active in the work as well, and succeed in palming themselves off as Asiatics, though why a black man from Asia should be more mystical than a black from Louisiana I cannot

for the life of me see. Plain Yankees are pretty clever at this business of devising new religions also, but they usually take up a more established one like Spiritualism. The two nations looked upon with most disfavor on this coast, the Chinese and Japanese, are the only ones who do not flood us with these exotic superstitions.

Envy or Connivance

In the Express of the last day of March there appeared a statement that henceforth the sporting edition of that newspaper would be printed upon green paper, for pressroom convenience and "for the benefit of those readers who find the pink difficult to read by artificial light." Now, the Herald sporting extra is green, and has a tremendous sale, probably triple or more the combined sales of the Record and Express pinks. It has been suggested that the Express, after having been pink from blushes of mortification for these many months, has finally turned green from envy. Also, it is suggested that the Express readers must all be of the aged and infirm variety, from the reference to their ocular difficulties. The fact, however, is this: On the street cars in the evening the ratio of greens to pinks has been rather more than four to one, and often there would not be a pink in sight. Merchants and other advertisers going home in the evening would notice this, and the result upon advertising in the papers publishing pinks was serious. To cover up this condition the Express adopted the general color scheme, as it already has imitated the makeup and yellow proclivities of the Herald. Of course, this gives the Herald advertising force a tremendous weapon for a few days, but when the sensation has passed away, Mr. Earl's canny move will aid in establishing a false security. Strange that it has not occurred to him that success in the newspaper battle is not to be reached through concealing weakness, but by engaging men of ability and permitting them to go ahead without being trailed by detectives.

Power Bonds and Progress

Apparently, the Edison company is not worried to any great extent over the proposal of Los Angeles to assimilate by force its local business, for the announcement is made this week that nearly four million dollars is to be spent in the near future on extensions and improvements of the service. Naturally, this money will go to the cities where there is no danger of the municipal ownership mania being spread in such a manner as to endanger the investment. Power is one branch of industry in which success is not merely the filling of the present needs, but being able to look into the future and figure out with a degree of certitude, what the demand is going to be by the time the equipment for supplying it can be installed. The outside cities are the gainers from this subsidiary freak of the Owens River folly.

Harry Girard as "Child Actor"

Under the heading, "Child Actors to Stage Arroyo Fantasy" there appeared in a morning paper this week a picture of Harry Girard and his wife, Agnes Cain Brown Girard. The amusing thing was that the photographs had been so retouched and features so smoothed over that the Girards really were pictured as juvenile replicas of themselves. The facts appeared by going down into the column, where it was learned that Florence Willard's clever fairy conceit, "Wan o' the Wood," is to be given by children at the Little Theater, and the Girards are to appear at Pantages. There was no intimation of a return of the vaudeville folk to their second childhood. Still, it must have made Harry feel several years younger to see himself in such kindergarten aspect under that headline.

Dr. Lindley in Vancouver

Walter Lindley drops me a line from Vancouver advising that he is having an interesting trip through that part of British Columbia. "The Vancouver Club," he says, "is housed in one of the most beautiful and complete structures of its kind on the American continent." He will be home again next week.

Prohibition Meets Heavy Sledding

Latest of the obstacles to be encountered by the Prohibitionists in their ill-advised attempt to force their "dry" amendment upon the state this year, is the Chamber of Commerce resolution opposing the movement. There never has been such a series of mishaps to any campaign in the memory of man. First of all the party was distinctly divided, the Anti-Saloon League, the Laymen's Conference of the Methodist Church, and various other powerful prohibition elements being strongly aligned against the idea of calling an election this year. Then, after stating that it would support the campaign, once it had been called, the Anti-Saloon League declared through its officers that it had decided to withdraw

to save its prestige from the certain defeat which was facing the amendment. Later, a compromise was arranged and this stand modified, but it is certain that this prohibition body will not unlimber its financial resources for this battle. Now, one of the big commercial organizations of the state after another is aligning itself against the amendment. Within the last year or so the prohibitionists have failed to carry, on a straight prohibition issue, Pasadena, Redondo, Anaheim and San Bernardino. Their one victory was Long Beach. Yet with all the fervor of the true fanatic they hurl themselves into a state campaign which will cost thousands upon thousands of dollars with certain defeat staring them in the face.

School Election Almost Default

It was purest luck that the school election went as it did, good business sense carrying the day although the vote was ridiculously small, and authorizing a fifty years' lease of Mercantile Place, the sale of minor property, and the construction of concrete or brick school houses. The newspapers tried to pretend that the reason for the small vote was the frequency of elections here. That is absurd. This is the first election held here since the election of the mayor and council nearly a year ago. The truth about it is there was nothing which would make sensational reading in the preelection preparations, no chance for girl pictures, no controversy which permitted the waving of the banner of freedom, so hardly a line was printed until about a day before the voting took place. Usually, in cases of that sort only the chronic kickers turn out at the polls, and it was fortunate that so many level-headed business men took enough interest to cast their ballots in support of the action which, I understand, the majority of the board of education favored.

Sam McClure Nodding

Exceedingly interesting is Sam McClure's autobiography current in the magazine that bears his name and in the April number interest is sustained. But, surely, the author was nodding when he wrote the sentence that tells of a "rhyme" going about among self-satisfied people to the effect that: "When the Rudyard's cease from Kipling and the Haggards ride no more." I am wondering where the rhyme edged in.

New Form of Burglar Trap

Persons possessing valuables which would attract burglars may get a valuable tip from the experience of J. G. Bullock one night this week. The Bullock home was ransacked by a nocturnal prowler and a goodly collection of portable valuables piled on a table ready for removal. Upon entering the burglar evidently had taken a drink from a flask of whiskey, to reinforce his nerve, and then forgot where he put the flask. In his determination to find the less than fifty cents worth of cheap liquor he made such a disturbance that he was discovered and had to make a hasty exit, leaving several hundred dollars worth of prospective loot. The moral seems to be that a good way to catch burglars is to leave whiskey around where they can find it easily and thus be diverted from their sinister intentions, or at least rendered so reckless that they will arouse the house.

Bulgarian Art is Next

Now comes Bulgarian art as the latest thing in decorative and conventional designing. An estimable young man who is inclined to follow the latest things in art work rather closely, was showing samples to my friend, the Philistine, who remarked: "Why is it that we always go to the half-civilized countries for our fine art? These Japanese prints we hear so much about were the product of the unprogressive Japanese of a former generation. And so on with Indian pottery and baskets and now Bulgarian splashery, which is, to me, without form and void. It seems to me if it is only among these peoples that we can get our best ideas of art, we are better in heathen darkness. We must admit one of two things, that as the world advances the decorative arts wane, or the world is not advancing."

Educational Circles Enriched

Dr. Benjamin F. Stelter, the new man who is coming to the English department of the University of Southern California, would be a welcome addition to any faculty. He is German by descent as his name implies, and a Kansan by birth, and has had a varied and brilliant career as a scholar. After taking his bachelor's degree at the university of his own state, he went up to Yale for his master's degree, where he was university scholar and fellow. He is now serving on the staff of Cornell university, where he has taken his doctor's degree. The subject he chose was Aelfrie's Old English version of Genesis, which he edited so satisfactorily as to get for his work a place in the series of old writers published by Niemeyer of Halle. In the field of modern literature he has assisted in the Wordsworth concordance of Professor Cooper, and has also been

collaborator in the Keats concordance which scholars have been looking forward to enjoy. Dr. Stelter will begin his labors in Los Angeles at the close of June, when he will offer classes in Shakespeare and advanced composition. President Bovard is to be congratulated on this accession to his faculty.

Kind Words From Earl to Elliott

It was interesting to notice the first page article in the Tribune a few days ago, in which the Earl paper inferentially praised the administration of the customs office by Collector of the Port John B. Elliott, president emeritus of the Association of Former Managing Editors of the Tribune. I wonder if Earl realizes now that Jack had the right idea regarding the penny morning venture—to keep it clear of partisan politics and make it simply a newspaper and not a penny whistle.

Interest Revives in Union Oil

With the arrival of Andrew Weir and R. T. Smith from England there has been a renewal of gossip concerning Union Oil. This company has been the subject of more guesses in the last few months than any other enterprise in the history of California, and these two men are the only ones who know the immediate answer. With true British conservatism they are dropping no hints, but it is expected there will be an announcement in a few days that will put an end to all speculation.

Jay Barnes May Go East

I hear that the lively Jay Barnes, press agent of the Morosco theaters, has been telling friends that he expects to leave Los Angeles soon for the east, where he proposes to find a larger field for his promotion energies. Then, again, he has, I learn, told others that he simply said that for fun, and has no intention of going. However that may be, it is apparent that Jay's recent trip east has set his feet to itching.

Prayer Formulas Criticized

In speaking with a literary friend the other day, who had been present at a recent college celebration, I found that he was critical over the prayers offered on the occasion. The speakers—if the term may be used of offering prayers—were all good Presbyterians; but they did not seem to understand the etiquette of prayer. The Episcopal bishop was the only one on the platform who rose reverently when prayer was offered. And the prayers, from the literary side—which, after all, is the side of life and reality—were open to the grave objection, that the grammatical persons were mixed up, which meant that the offerer maintained no distinct formal attitude in this devotional exercise. Seeing that prayer itself is regarded today by many as an outworn form, it is surely incumbent on all who still employ it and believe in its efficacy to spare no pains to justify its use. A literary jumble is no offering worthy to be presented to the Deity on a solemn academic occasion.

Dedicating the Inner Harbor

This section of the country is asked to help celebrate the official dedication of Los Angeles harbor at Wilmington Saturday, April 11. The Los Angeles chamber of commerce joins with the Wilmington civic body in sponsoring the event which is to mark the completion of Pier A, the first municipal dock, the completion of the inner harbor, which can now receive deep-sea going vessels, and the arrival of the first of the American-Hawaiian liners, the Isthmian, hereafter to make the municipal dock a regular port of call. It is an auspicious occasion but why introduce the circus element into the proceedings? The advance agent proclaims with adjectival glee that a well-known aviator will soar aloft and from the empyrean drop through space his feminine partner into the waters of the harbor. Of course, there is a possibility that the air-equipment with which she is provided may not work and the young woman, falling like a lead plummet, may be dashed to her death. With this delightful prospect, doubtless, many celebrants who otherwise could not be induced to make the trip will hasten to take advantage of the invitation. Too bad, if they shall be disappointed! Aside from this false note the proposed celebration promises to be an auspicious occasion and thousands who have not visited tidewater at that point since the United States government first entered upon its great undertaking may well make the trip to inform themselves as to the remarkable changes that have been instituted at the harbor front in the last decade. There will be no dearth of rational diversion. A motor boat regatta is planned, swimming matches are on the program, capacious boats will bear guests to and fro in the harbor and a generous fish dinner is among the baits to lure the urbanites. Bands will play, scintillant speeches are promised, brief but brilliant in nature, and in other ways Southern California is to help make history. I hope the "thrilling aerial drop" will end in a mild splash.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

Several interesting features marked the second concert of the Orpheus Club last Monday night at the Auditorium. Of the choruses offered, the "Carnival Song" of Saint-Saens was the most interesting, as it avoided the conventional in no slight manner. The program introduced Frederick Brueschweiler as both conductor and composer, in that he led two of his choruses while Director Dupuy sang the solo in the second, "Morning," a beautiful work in flowing style, a repetition of which was demanded and given. Mr. Brueschweiler conducts without unnecessary gesticulations and gets just as good results. From these works it would be a pleasure to hear more of his compositions performed. The club sang an arrangement of Schubert's "Serenade" with extremes of shading and an arrangement of the Schumann "Two Grenadiers" with good volume of tone. A vocal novelty by Paul Bliss, a son of "Pianissimo" (P. P.) Bliss, was in the line of a musical joke, as it depicted the death of a crawling worm in a storm. Mrs. Frankel's arrangement of Meredith's "Aux Italiens" set to music from "Trovatore" was repeated from a program several years ago, the solos being given by Mrs. E. S. Shank and Leroy Jepson. Mrs. Frankel reading the text. The audience insisted on the reappearance of the reader and soloists. Mrs. Shank was heard also in several solos which she sang with her accustomed fluency and pleasing manner, especially the Massenet "Les Oiselets." Mr. Dupuy has his fifty singers under excellent control and chose his program with much skill, with the result of giving great pleasure to his auditors.

Handing of his baton to Mr. Brueschweiler, by Mr. Dupuy, was a courtesy which could be emulated by other conductors. It would be a good idea to incorporate on every such program a local composition, conducted by its composer. There are a dozen local writers of good music who might thus be presented to the public. Possibly not all would be so successful as Mr. Brueschweiler, who has had large experience in Moscow and other European cities, as well as America, but nearly all of them would rise to the occasion.

Wednesday of last week, F. W. Blanchard, at the head of the local movement to bring the prize opera competition of the National Federation of Music Clubs to Los Angeles, gave a reception to the president of the federation, Mrs. J. E. Kinney, and to the vice-president, Mrs. Emerson Brush. These officers are in Los Angeles to make arrangements for the meeting of the federation here in 1915 and they met in conference with Charles Wakefield Cadman, president of the National Congress of Musicians, which will meet here at the same time. This reception was held at the Gamut Club. After an introduction by Mr. Blanchard, a program was given by the Brahms quintet, playing two movements of a Metzdorf quintet; the Gamut Club tri-quartet singing three numbers, and Mrs. L. J. Selby singing Mr. Grunn's "Life's Meaning."

Both Mrs. Kinney and Mrs. Brush addressed the audience of local musicians assembled to do them honor. Mrs. Kinney stated the origin and purposes of the federation. Mr. Brush described the plans of the officers for the pre-

sentation of an American opera, for which Los Angeles is to raise a prize fund of \$10,000 and such other amount as is necessary to give it in good shape. These visitors to Los Angeles have heard several of its leading musical organizations in the last three weeks, the Symphony Orchestra, the Lyric Club, and the Brahms quintet, all of which impressed the eastern representatives with the solid musical work being done in Los Angeles. For this meeting next year, there has been adopted the slogan, "For the encouragement and development of American music." Los Angeles will give its heartiest welcome to the thousands of musicians who will visit here the summer of 1915.

For the monthly meeting of the Music Teachers' Association, scheduled to be held Friday night at the Gamut Club, a song program was announced, by Mrs. C. P. Makinson, with assistance of other musicians. Charles W. Cadman was expected as the guest of honor and several of his compositions were programmed.

Charles Wakefield Cadman, who is at the head of the proposed American Congress of Musicians, to meet in Los Angeles the summer of 1915, is passing a few weeks in this city. He has returned from a concert trip in the North West and will now take time to enjoy the pleasures of Los Angeles, as well as to make tentative arrangements for the congress. In reply to a question as to the progress made for this affair, Mr. Cadman said: "I find a keen interest here and elsewhere among musicians to the great meeting of musicians we propose to bring about in 1915. I am glad to say that I have secured the co-operation of a number of the most representative of American composers, directors and writers. Among them I may mention Arthur Foote and George Chadwick of Boston, Arthur Farwell and Leonard Liebking of New York. Messrs. Foote and Chadwick promise also to direct their own compositions, if arrangements are made to that end. Carl Busch of Kansas City is enthusiastic in the matter; Miss Casterton, president of the Federated Music Teachers in the Public Schools; Tali Esen Morgan, the New York conductor; Charles Farnsworth of Columbia University, and of the Music Teachers National Association; Henry Hadley, director of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and Oscar Sonnek of the musical section of the library of congress. These are a few of the prominent musicians who will head this Congress of American Musicians. Occurring concurrently with the meeting of the Federated Music Clubs, which covers a membership of 120,000 musicians, all over the country, we hope to make this congress productive of great good for the American musician, both the composer and the performer."

There have been no schemes proposed for Los Angeles music and musicians lately, so just to enliven the atmosphere, The Graphic musical department offers this one: Let us put up a building which shall have an auditorium for such concerts as the Philharmonic course, seating, say, 1500; also a fully equipped stage and theater for the performance of grand opera. This should seat 3,000 or more—say 5,000 while we are at it. Then there should be dining halls for the Gamut Club and the Dominant Club—age before beauty, please you—with club parlors, billiard halls, reading rooms, tea rooms, rest rooms, private rooms and—

just rooms. It would be well to locate this building within the territory bounded by Fifth, Ninth, Spring and Hope streets. It should be fitted up with all modern accessories and conveniences—including a nice little stall for Brother Behymer. Of course, a \$50,000 organ is to be placed on the stage of the theater, it would be needed at least once in three months, if it were not opened to organ recitals more than is the present auditorium organ. And there you have it! What more would you want? Money to build it? O, that is a mere bagatelle; I really had forgotten that feature. But, since you mention it, why just take up a hundred or so of \$10,000 subscriptions. Another way would be to sell stock to the music teachers at \$1.00 par. Really, the latter way is preferable, as it would interest more people—about half a million more, before the necessary sum was raised.

Certain interested parties have been circulating the statement that the symphony association will not continue the symphony concerts next season. The answer of the association to this is the re-election of its present board with the addition of Mmes. W. E. Martindale, Chas. Modini Wood and Mr. W. I. Hollingsworth. The board announces that the scope of the concerts will be enlarged next season and with the many rehearsals the orchestra has had this season it can do better work next year on half as many, and with a consequent reduction of expense. Inasmuch as the expenditures for the year have been considerably under the amount estimated at the first of the season, it is assumed that the raising of funds for the ensuing season will not be attended with great difficulty, especially in the face of the artistic success achieved by Director Tandler and his orchestra. The officers elected for the coming year are: Dr. Norman Bridge, president; Mrs. Walter Raymond, first vice president; Clifford Lott, second vice president; Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, third vice president; Mrs. Dean Mason, secretary; G. Allen Hancock, treasurer; J. Tabor Fitzgerald, business manager.

Jan de la Cruz has opened a studio at Redlands. Risser Patty of that city, a prominent teacher, takes a party of students and friends to Europe for the summer in a few weeks.

Bernice Roche, now Mrs. Oberwinder, formerly a leading pianist of Los Angeles, has returned to this city after an absence of fourteen years. She and her husband will open a studio.

Flonzaley quartet, now one of the best in the world, will be heard at the Auditorium under the Behymer management next month. This will be one of the greatest musical treats of the season. Mischa Elman, the popular violin artist, will play in the same place April 28 and May 2.

Mr. Toye presented a readable article in the Express recently about his wife's European plans. Mrs. Toye will study with Jean De Reszke and Melba, it is said, and later go into the grand opera field. Next season she will sing at the Metropolitan opera house.

In New York, the Musicians' Club is planning a building for its organization. A concert for this purpose will present Paderewski, Alda and Schumann-Heink. It is a pity Los Angeles musicians have been so disrupted in a business way that there seems no chance of such a building here.

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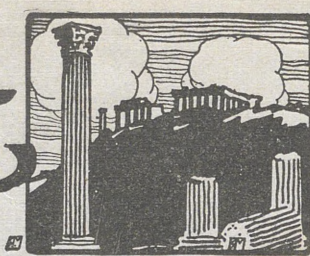
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Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:

American and European Painters—Museum Art Gallery.
California Art Club—Friday Morning Club.
Jules Pages—Steckel Gallery.
Ernest Browning Smith—Blanchard Gallery.

In the last week the members of the Los Angeles Arts and Crafts Association have been holding a joint exhibition of their latest work at the Blanchard art gallery. This worthy showing was given under the auspices of the Ruskin Art Club and as this progressive organization never does anything half way it is needless to say that the exhibition was a distinct success in every particular. To begin with, the general scheme of color and arrangement was almost as good as a descriptive article in "House Beautiful." There is always something distinct and "clubby" about an exhibition given under the patronage of a woman's club. It has a certain quality of personal touch that is wanting in a gallery show. Take, for example, the arrangement of arts and crafts jewelry shown at this time. Dainty little table cases of gold and gray were used and these were exquisitely draped with rose and lavender silk upon which the chains, pendants, rings, and bracelets were placed. The gallery floor was strewn with huge oriental rugs and the gray interior, with its Nile green hangings, formed a rare background for the display. The individual exhibits were shown to advantage in graceful glass cases, arranged in a convenient manner about the room.

In each corner of the gallery and in the center were huge bouquets of richly colored eucalyptus boughs in bronze urns. Blue, rose, and lavender velvet was draped behind these for decorative effect. Oriental rugs of rare color quality and rich in design were hung upon the walls to form a background for the table displays and in narrow panels were hung groups of wood-block prints by Esther M. Crawford and Margaret Patterson. Portrait heads in bas-reliefs by Julia Bracken Wendt, Maude Daggett, and Emilie S. Perry were also hung, and near the entrance arch were two great jeweled copper plaques designed by Harry Shipple. In one large case was shown a collection of hand-made lace by the Pala Indian girls and women which deserved special mention. This work, while not original in design, is honest and well meant in purpose and executed in a fine, craftsmanlike way. Personally, it attracted me far more than did many of the rich embroideries and enamels shown by noted crafts workers.

Near this exhibit was a display of hand-woven rugs by pupils of the Polytechnic high school. These are nice in color and altogether usable. Good examples of modern pottery were shown by Fred Robertson, Cornelius Branchman, and the pupils of Miss Newcombe. The ceramic collection was of interest and was artistically grouped in silk-lined cases. Artists in this department who deserve special mention are Leta Horlocker, Mrs. M. L. Emerson, Matie Stratton, and Myrtle Murphy. S. E. Strahan showed designs in wood carving, including boxes, work baskets, candle sticks and wall plaques.

William Rudy deserves mention for

his well considered designs in stained glass and Mrs. Del la Monte, Harry Shipple, and Evelyn Parrin were well represented by groups of wrought brass and copper. Alice Mytton showed book-bindings, and Ernest Batchelder art tiles, while A. E. Sage, Mrs. Fred Bacon, Rose Connor, Douglas Donaldson, and Miss Underwood sent unique displays of art jewelry. Several large cases were given over to the embroideries of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jonhonnott, Emma Waldvogel, and Miss Mattoon. Many of Mr. Jonhonnott's pieces rival description and all are almost too beautiful to be useful. The work of the high school students deserves special mention as most of it is wholesome and healthy and very practical and usable. The arts and crafts movement is comparatively new in the United States and, consequently, it is somewhat experimental. As I understand the movement, its chief aim is to make honest use of beauty and to teach that an object may be both useful and artistic.

The recent exhibition of the Child Welfare League given under the auspices of the Los Angeles Camera Club at Blanchard gallery proved a distinct success. The motto of the league is "For every child a childhood," and the collection included about five hundred photographs of children. The studies were made by members of the Los Angeles Camera Club and many of them were of value as works of art. After the exhibit closed in Los Angeles it was to tour America under the auspices of the Child Welfare Department of the San Diego Exposition. Later, this exhibit will be a permanent feature of the exposition itself.

Los Angeles Camera Club is an organization of amateur and advanced photographers, interested in the furthering of photography as an art. It has a skylight and large camera for studio work, enlarging apparatus, dark rooms, and other facilities for all kinds of photographic processes. All who enter the club have an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of the technic as well as the artistic side of photography through demonstrations and talks upon various subjects. There are also lantern slide exhibits at frequent intervals, which include both ordinary slides and autochrom slides; the latter pictures in their natural color. Through the year there are also conducted monthly competitions of prints on many subjects. The local competitions are not all, however, as members have had prints exhibited in national and international salons. The following were represented by groups of work in this exhibition: Mrs. Hattie Guskirk, Warren E. Dickerson, W. H. Stafford, Jesse H. Buffman, Chester L. Hogan, Wm. G. Tood, Mrs. C. L. Dodds, Geo. H. Smith, Ernest Williams, R. S. Grandall, Wm. Filides, T. H. Adlard, Fred Archer, Annie M. Sullivan, Janet MacLaren, Margaret Mather, Kendrick Chamberlain, Wm. G. Graw, Mrs. J. B. Borde, Arthur S. Little, Robt. Coleman, John Paul Glenn, J. H. Maude, and Bernice Gray.

Annual spring exhibition of work by members of the California Art Club opened Friday at the Women's club house, under the auspices of the Friday Morning Club.

For the next fortnight Ernest Browning Smith will hold an exhibit of his late work in oil colors at Blanchard art gallery.



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Notes From Bookland

In "The Story of Phaedrus," which the Macmillans are bringing out as a tale especially appropriate to the Easter season, Newell Dwight Hillis has written an imaginary narrative of how the books of the New Testament were preserved in the early years of Christianity.

In the region of his home in Surrey, England, W. B. Maxwell, author of "The Devil's Garden," is better known as a horseman than as a novelist. Fox-hunting is his favorite amusement, but in his younger days he was an amateur polo player of reputation.

Walter A. Dyer, author of "The Lure of the Antique" and "The Richer Life," has resigned as editor of Country Life in America, and will devote himself entirely to magazine writing. He is succeeded by Henry H. Saylor, formerly with McBride, Nast & Co.

Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, translator and editor of "The Autobiography of Charlotte Amelie, Princess of Aldenburg," is preparing for publication a series of intimate letters from the Court of Frederick the Great and that of Maria Theresa.

A tale of soldier life when the allies were battling with Louis XV. and the Irish exiles were the flower of the French army, entitled "Shea of the Irish Brigade," is Randall Parrish's contribution to the spring fiction list, through A. C. McClurg & Co.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Social & Personal

Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff of West Adams street gave a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Juliette Boileau. Spring flowers decked the table where covers were arranged for Mrs. Mai Matthews, Miss Lillian Van Dyke, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Daphne Drake, Miss Martha Woolwine, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Marjorie Ramsay, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Louise Hunt. Mr. and Mrs. Holterhoff are planning to leave shortly for the east, to meet their daughter, Miss Lella Holterhoff, who is coming from Europe to make them a visit.

Miss Martha Woolwine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, gave a dinner party Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Mai Mathews of Nashville, Tenn., who is the sister of Miss Woolwine's fiancé, Mr. Thomas Weeks Banks. Spring flowers were used in the table appointments, and covers were laid for Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams, Miss Juliette Boileau, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Mr. James Page, Mr. Paul Herron Mr. Claire Woolwine, Mr. George Ennis, and Mr. Keiling Phillips of Nashville, Tenn.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Hugh McFarland of Fourth avenue gave a luncheon party in honor of her mother and sister, Mrs. W. F. Godfrey and Miss Florence Godfrey, who are visiting here from Michigan. Friday afternoon Mrs. Charles McFarland of Ellendale place gave a similar affair. Mrs. Godfrey and her daughter will go to Coronado the first of the week for a stay before returning to the east.

One of the distinctive parties of the season was the old-fashioned country dance given Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. James E. Woolwine of Beverly Hills. The affair took place in the Town Hall at Beverly, and there were about one hundred and fifty guests bidden to honor Mrs. Mai Mathews. Old fashioned nosegays were scattered here and there, ancient mottoes, "God Bless Our Home," etc., plastered the walls and were hung about with smilax, while a large picture of George Washington, draped with bunting, was a feature. All of the guests came in country costume, and country dances, as well as the newer ones were enjoyed. The supper was served at a lunch counter, and a country dance menu, with pies, apples, cider, etc., delighted the guests.

Mrs. Edward Turner Shere of the Bryson gave a luncheon and bridge party Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Platter of Dennison, Texas, and Miss Mitchell of Columbia, Mo. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. Motley H. Flint, Mrs. Mary Banning, Mrs. Orra E. Monnette, Mrs. W. Scott Bicksler, Mrs. Robert Lee Holland, Mrs. I. F. Peters, Mrs. H. J. Whitley, Mrs. Samuel Cary Dunlap, Mrs. Grantland S. Long, Mrs. Allan Black, Mrs. F. S. Wise, Mrs. Philip Wilson, Mrs. Harrison Purdon, Mrs. Emmett H. Wilson, Mrs. E. R. Odwell, Mrs. H. F. de Galler, and Mrs. G. A. Miller.

Miss Georgia Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner Johnston of Hoover street, has chosen April 21 as the date of her marriage to Mr. John Donald Dawson. The wedding will take place in St. John's Episcopal Church, with the rector, Rev. George Davidson, officiating. Miss Lina Johnson will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Katherine Glasgow, Miss Helen Gavagan, Miss Margaret Ericson and Miss Lucy Smith. Mr. Ward Dawson is to be best man and the ushers are Messrs. Ed-

ward Lawrence Doheny, jr., Philip Harigan, Howard Wright and Frank McClure.

Those of the Amateur Players who are to participate in the "Evolution of the Dance" which the organization is to give April 17, enjoyed a rehearsal Tuesday evening in the ballroom of the Captain William Banning home at Thirty-first and Hoover streets.

Mrs. H. K. Williamson of Park View avenue is planning to leave the last of April for a trip abroad. Among the farewell affairs planned in her honor is the tea to be given April 15 by Mrs. George A. Ralphs of Hollywood.

Mrs. O. C. Wellborn will give a luncheon Wednesday afternoon for her mother, who will arrive today from Ohio for a visit. Mrs. Wellborn is planning to return with her mother for a stay in the east.

After enjoying a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Forve for a number of weeks, Mrs. George Stegmaier and Miss Kathleen Stegmaier have left for their home in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Mrs. Augustus Freese and Miss Kate Freese have left for Europe where they will be joined by Miss Jennie Freese and Miss Consuello Freese after the close of school.

Mrs. W. K. Floweree of South Burlington avenue complimented her house guest, Mrs. George Cline of New York, with a delightful luncheon Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Longyear, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Longyear and Miss Gwendolyn Longyear have returned from a visit to Arrowhead Hot Springs.

About twenty guests enjoyed the informal tea given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven at her home on West Twenty-third street.

Mrs. James C. Kays, Miss Ruth Kays and Miss Cecelia Kays will give a tea party April 18 at their home on New Hampshire street.

Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., is enjoying a stay in Butte, Mont., planning to return about the middle of April.

Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, who has been at Hotel Darby this winter, is to enjoy April at her home in Covina.

Mrs. James Souter Porter has returned from a motoring trip through Southern California.

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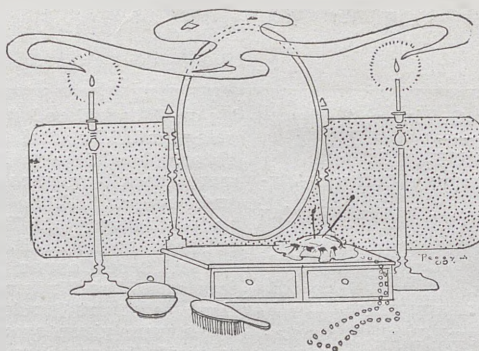
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CALIFORNIA'S HUMAN BIRD

THIS winter a man already well-known in California has made for himself a place on Broadway. Charles Kellogg, called "The Nature Singer," described on the programme as "the celebrated California naturalist, the first human being to sing bird songs," is heard at the Palace Vaudeville Theater. In speaking of him to a friend I provoked the comment, "Of course, it is perfect nonsense to say that he sings bird songs, call it something else and I will listen." But sing bird songs is precisely what Mr. Kellogg does. Before the curtain rises is heard the sound of innumerable bird voices trilling and chirping as birds do in the early morning hours, a bit nearer and shriller perhaps than they sound in the open softened by distance. In the artificial atmosphere of the theater, which is not easily nor swiftly dispelled, it seems as if a wonderful mechanical contrivance had been invented which perfectly imitates birds. When the curtain rises is disclosed a view of Mr. Kellogg's home in the California Sierras, with a little waterfall running realistically at the back. The lights are subdued as if darkness were just being dispelled and ever the bird voices sing their hymn to the dawn. As the light of day grows Mr. Kellogg, dressed in the costume of a mountaineer, appears with his pack on his back explaining that he has come just as if he were entering the home where he passes nine months of every year at close range with nature and living things.

In accordance with the traditions of vaudeville Mr. Kellogg keeps up a rapid fire conversation with the audience when he is not actually engaged in his imitations. This is not restful, but, perhaps, he has learned that he must follow the tradition if he is to keep a vaudeville audience interested, though it would seem that Mr. Kellogg's gift is so remarkable that it would carry of itself by sheer interest in itself rather than in what he says about it. He claims that it is a "gift of nature, not an accomplishment." And on the program is a note to the effect that the "ordinary range of the human voice is 2½ octaves. Mr. Kellogg's bird voice is 12½ octaves. His lowest note is higher than Mme. Tetrazzini's highest note." And, indeed, this seems to be shown by the behavior of a flame which, indifferent to the sound of an ordinary singing or speaking voice, instantly responds to the reproductions of sounds uttered by birds, as made by Mr. Kellogg. It flickers, oscillates and finally goes out. This might lead one to suppose that sometime it may be possible to master the destructive quality of fire by the use of vibrations to which flames respond, for they may be keyed to a vibration in much the same way that a wireless machine may be.

Physiologically, living beings seem to be keyed in similar fashion. Dogs often begin to howl when certain tones are produced by a human voice or by an instrument. People often point out the peculiarity as an accomplishment of the dog, as a kind of recognition of definite musical composition, but the dog cannot help howling when the peculiar vibration to which he is tuned strikes his body. Mr. Kellogg says he has found human beings keyed in the same way. At times he has sounded a note in giving his reproductions and a person in the audience has howled in sympathy not because he wanted to, but because he couldn't help howling when struck by his own particular vibration. If it is possible to put out a tiny flame after making it oscillate in obedience to certain tones by the imitation of a bird song a larger flame might be reached in the same way by the combination of a more penetrating or stronger vibration. At any rate, it is worth the attention of some patient investigator.

Meanwhile, one may enjoy that part of Mr. Kellogg's entertainment as well as his use of the Indian art of making fire by rubbing sticks as a very inter-

esting stunt. But the bird songs themselves are better than a stunt; they represent a really marvellous gift. He has reproduced many of these songs on the Victor talking machines. At the end of his performance he introduces half a dozen Victors all singing different bird songs as a kind of accompaniment to the one he himself sings. The effect is most interesting as it reveals the harmony that exists in the sounds of nature. Mr. Kellogg has a strong feeling for his little brothers of the animal world. The power that he seems to have had from childhood of reproducing their sounds has put him into peculiar sympathy with them. He says it is love, and if one casts out fear and gives oneself up to love life will be simpler. All human beings might so realize sympathy with one another.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, March 30, 1914.

"Which?" a Comedy in One Act

Only those whose appreciative souls are steeped in the brew of temperament were honored with invitations to a high-brow literary matinee which took place last Friday, and the fortunate possessors of a card which read as follows, may preserve it as a certificate that they are searchers after the absolute. "You have been selected, after careful thought, as being fitted to form part of a specially chosen audience invited to attend a professional matinee that will be given Friday, March 27, at four o'clock at Cumstock Hall, in honor of Miss Wilkes. There will be presented on this occasion a superplay entitled 'Which?' that epitomizes the characteristics of the modern drama, especially its ultra-realism, its pausefulness, its triangularity, and its problematic tendency. The artists who have been engaged to interpret this drama wish to remain incognito for the present. Suffice to say that the woman is as serpentine as she is emotional, while the man combines rare versatility with unmistakably gentlemanly traits."

Could anyone refuse such a flattering honor? No, indeed. It was an eager audience that sat breathless in the little theater, and watched the curtains draw back with a truly temperamental squeak. There were those scoffers who said that the squeak was due to lack of oil, but the elect knew that it was temperamental. A firelit room was revealed—an empty room, yet thrilling with the promise of problem. Enters a handsome young man of stormy eye and eagle brow. If there were those who fancied that in his manly form there were characteristics that strongly resembled those of Maude Howell, this impression was quickly dispelled when Rudolph sat him down in front of the fire, filled and lighted his pipe, and sat peacefully puffing. We know Miss Howell is a perfect lady, and no real lady smokes a pipe. Rudolph's melancholy meditations on his hopeless love for a married woman were abruptly interrupted by the unconventional entrance of that person who forced her way shamelessly into his room. Here, too, many in the audience were stricken with the feverish fancy that in this sinuous, slender reed, whose pantherish glide would leave Nazimova stricken with jealousy, there were traces of the personality of Gertrude Workman.

Rudolph's sense of propriety was duly shocked, but the lady overcame his scruples. After a powerful love scene in which Miss Work—pardon, the Sinuous One, tore passion into minute bits, scattered them to heaven, then drew them back, patched them up and scattered them all over again, Rudolph was called away, leaving the intruder alone in his rooms. Just as she was about to leave, came Hobart, the husband. There was a strange resemblance between Hobart and Rudolph, by the way. Naturally, the woman takes refuge in Rudolph's bedroom, and as in any well brought up problem play, the husband discovers her. At this crucial moment Rudolph re-

turns, and Hobart rushes out, with his gun ready to fire, leaving the fair one to pound on the door in the most approved emotional fashion. There is the sound of a shot, the dull, horrible thud of a falling body. The woman stands white and tense, and then with fear-drawn face she whispers fearfully, "Which?" and the curtain falls. Strange to say, the audience shrieked with mirth to the point of hysteria, and brought the performers back for innumerable curtain calls. Incidentally, Miss Wilkes bore the honors thrust upon her with a charming modesty.

Angela's Point of View

DEAR Girl: Your last letter was such a disappointment to me; there was so much "I'm bored with this and that and everything." I've always thought you were above that particular sort of conventionality. Do you realize the hold that stupid expression "bored" has taken on us? It is almost indecent to take a healthy human interest in things—we must be "bored" no matter what should come to pass. It is smart to be bored, but, unfortunately, a great many people miss their aim and only succeed in being boring, so I beg of you to take a good rest; there are dozens of country places I might suggest, but you know them and their possibilities as well as I.

You ask what we've been doing? May I remind you that we are still in the midst of Lent! The only really interesting thing that I can think of it the tea that was given for the French officers by the "Wonderlady," and, by the way, don't you think that a splendid name for her? Of course "Tulita" suits her, but I love to call her the "Wonderlady." She wore a brown frock, a perfect dream, with an orange coat and a brown tulle hat. The garden is lovelier than ever—but I know you want to know who was there. Well, Mrs. Avery McCarthy looked awfully well; I think she wore black and white; at any rate it was most becoming, but

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why on earth doesn't she tell C. S. that dove color does not suit her? Yes, my dear, absurd as it may sound C. S. appeared in a dove-colored gown and a large beflowered hat that would look very well on Delight Schaeffer or Helen Jones. Mrs. R. S. wore pink velvet!

That R. S. does not mean R. Schweppe—I mean Mrs. Sweeney. She is perfectly charming, but pink velvet and cream lace "I awsk you!" Daphne wore a very smart green thing. She has worn the smartest clothes in town this winter with M. and K. Ramsay as close seconds. Marion H. was there and I quite agree with you she is unusually pretty and very attractive. Mrs. Earl wore that black gown with the wonderful lace; you know the one I mean; she wore it one night for dinner on the Olympic coming home last fall and Mrs. John Astor nearly broke her neck trying to get a complete view of it. The officers were so interesting and those few who spoke English did it delightfully.

Of course, you know that Evangeline is to marry Irving Walker. He is awfully nice and she is absolutely prettier than ever. Mrs. O'Melveny will entertain for Isabel the fifteenth of April. Mrs. Freese and Kate leave Friday and the awful part of it is that they have not decided how long they will be away. We are all going to see them off and I shall miss them very much. Again I implore you to take care of yourself. Why don't you come down to "Oakhurst?" Miss Bradbury would love to have you and the Winston girls are so much fun. Whatever you do write soon. Devotedly, ANGELA.

On the Branch, April 2, 1914.



Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

If there were no one else but Al Jolson on the stage, "The Honeymoon Express" at the Majestic would speed to an unusual success. Jolson was always a natural comedian, the sort that takes his audience into his confidence and pokes fun at them irresistibly. But he has improved tenfold since his recent vaudeville appearances in this city. He has that indefinable thing that no amount of training, no amount of hard work can counterfeit—the magnetic power of creating a cordial footing of friendship and fun between his listeners and himself. He sings and dances and whistles as only Al Jolson can, generous with his encores, and even singing "The Rosary" in such a way that the audience gives it the tribute of serious silence to the last note. But excellent as Jolson is, he is not the entire show. It has been many weeks since such a brisk, musical comedy of high lights has been in Los Angeles. From start to finish it is a blaze of color—girls and songs, music and dance, fun and frolic. Just about the moment that a let-down seems inescapable, there is a novel new feature, a new laugh, even if it is only Al Jolson grinning his inimitable grin from a curtain parting. There is a plot but nobody cherishes it, nor cares when it comes on and goes off. There are girls galore, strikingly gowned, and the principals are all good to look upon. Mlle. Marie plays Yvonne with a fascinating accent and the fire of her race. Ada Lewis makes a slight departure from her usual field of endeavor, and appears as an "honest to heaven" lady, except in the last act, in which she looks like a burlesque. Anna Wheaton, the soubrette, is a peppery little creature, vivid as a flame, with voice enough to carry her part well, and twinkling toes that make a great hit. Donald Macdonald is a cute young thing who knows it and Jack Storey is also well aware of his charms, but they are capital entertainers, nevertheless. The scenic effects are fresh and elaborate, and there is one picture, showing the race between an automobile and a locomotive down the hill to Rouen that brings the house to its feet, and is the ultimate of the absolute in stage effects. It is a big show, and there is so much of it that the theatergoer is likely to suffer from the indigestion of indulgence.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Certain it is that the English music hall conception of humor does not parallel that of the American vaudeville stage. Heaven knows our American audiences can assume no stately air of righteousness for their appreciation of the risqué is appallingly wholehearted, but it is to their credit that the cheaply vulgar has no great appeal, that they like their suggestion clothed decently with affected innocence. Perhaps, that is why Marie Lloyd receives such perfunctory applause. In the first place Marie is peculiarly of the Londonesque entertainer type; one that Americans have not yet taken into their inner circle. We are used to stunningly-clad, picturesque entertainers or grotesque character painters, and Marie is neither of these. Her costumes are weird, her songs are wearisome, vulgar, badly written. A coarser song in which she relates the joys of a honeymoon in Paris gives her an excuse for remaining on the stage, and she finishes up with a swinging Spanish strain that takes the house immensely; not for the way she sings

it, but for the lilting cadence of the music. Marie is not the artist that her sister Alice is—and Alice will never set any rivers ablaze. Madge P. Maitland is a greater favorite than Lloyd with the audiences. She proves herself an excellent comedienne, and certainly does not suffer by contrast. Moving pictures are elevated almost to headline ranks this week, the view of the dances of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle being given a special place. The Castles are dancers par excellence, and the mechanical skill of the picture taking is marvelous. But what a curious reflection on life to think that there are toiling men and women writing, painting, working for posterity, who are starving in their garrets, while two dancers, wrapped in furs and silks, live in greater luxury than one or two kings and queens. Armstrong and Ford have a bantering act that is entertaining, and Sim Collins and Lewis Hart in their burlesque strong men act are shriekingly funny. Unique cycling and gymnastic feats are offered with a great deal of fun by the Hockney company, and Eva Taylor and company in their funny sketch, Bessie Clayton and her dancers, and Welcome and Welcome hold over.

Offerings For Next Week

Sunday afternoon the Burbank company will return to musical comedy when "Auction Pinochle" will be given its first production in English. This musical farce comedy made a big success in New York, when it played for 200 nights at the German Theater. It is in three acts, by Paul Herve. The music is by Jean Briquet and Adolf Philipp, and the American version has been made by Edward Paulton and Mr. Philipp, the latter also directing the present production. Mr. Morosco has secured an unusually strong cast for "Auction Pinochle." Jess Dandy, Frances Cameron and Walter Lawrence will be among the headliners. These are names that have ruled in musical comedy and light operas for several years. Jess Dandy made his fame national in "The Prince of Pilsen;" Frances Cameron was one of the favorite Merry Widows, and Walter Lawrence is known as a star of unusual talents. In addition, the full force of the Burbank company will be drawn upon. Walter Catlett will have an important role, and other names in the cast include Bessie Tannehill, George Rand, Florence Oberle, Arthur F. Burckly, Mary Mooney, Vivian Bryson, Winifred Bryson, Forrest Stanley, Thomas McLarnie, Donald Bowles and Beatrice Nichols. The scenery and decorations have been designed by Robert Brunton, and no expense has been spared to make Auction Pinochle one of the most elaborately dressed plays of the year.

Burk's big "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company comes to the Mason for the week beginning Monday night, April 6, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. This is the first time the public has had an opportunity of seeing the new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stowe's historical play was one of the greatest successes of its time, repeating the triumph achieved as a novel. Burk's company is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. It carries a special train to transport the people, horses, donkeys, dogs and other paraphernalia necessary to present their spectacular offering. The characters of Uncle Tom, Eliza, Little Eva, Marks, and the others are promised to be in the hands of a competent cast, and there will be a large contingent of

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singers and dancers. The transformation scene at the end of the play has been retained and improved upon.

Six new acts will surround Marie Lloyd in her second week at the Orpheum beginning Monday afternoon, April 6. At the top of the list of new ones comes that well liked American actor, Henry Woodruff, now making his first vaudeville tour. Mr. Woodruff is best remembered for his success in "Brown of Harvard" but is also recalled as the star in "The Prince of Tonight." His vaudeville vehicle is "A Regular Business Man," by John Stokes, which is said to be full of bright lines and clever situations, wherein he is assisted by a carefully selected company. Another stellar light on the new bill is Ray Samuels, "the blue streak of ragtime." Miss Samuels is a celebrity as an exponent of synopated ditties, and it is said that her wardrobe is no small feature of her act. Tundo Cameron and Johnny O'Connor have a rapid fire skit, "Hired and Fired," which is a melange of talk, song and dance. Mindell Kingston, associated for so long with the late John W. World has returned to vaudeville, this time with George Ebner. Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer, in a dimly lighted room, will give a musical at home that is unique. Sam Barton, with his unridable bike, is a comedy hit. Miss Lloyd will have new songs and new gowns to offer, and the Hockney company will also be held over. A week later comes Fritz Scheff.

Miller's Theater at Ninth, Spring and Main streets, has changed its policy and from now on will show two programs a week, changing Mondays and Thursdays. Each program will include a masterpiece and the best of the first run comedies and dramas. Every two weeks the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday show will include a section of that absorbing story of love and adventure, "The Perils of Pauline," for which there are a number of big cash prizes offered to those solving the mystery. Full particulars can be obtained from the daily papers. These pictures are all shown on the wonderful plate glass screen. The program for the remainder of this week, including Sunday, features the big three reel roman-

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tic drama, "The Romany Spy," which is replete with thrills and tense situations. Good comedies and other pictures complete the offering.

Frances Duncan's "My Garden Doctor," Doubleday, Page & Co., tells in a vivacious style how a young woman made a garden and in the work found much pleasure and a new lease of life. "That Farm," by Harrison Whittingham, published by the same house, is the narrative of how a successful business man, by applying personal attention, common sense, and business experience to farming, made his farm just as successful as his department store had been.

William Le Queux's new story entitled "The Four Faces," telling of the mysterious doings of a band of clever swindlers and thieves in London and on the continent, will be among the spring publications of Brentano's.

Stephen Phillips, by the Poet's Wife

Not many of Stephen Phillips' admirers in this country know that his wife, who was an actress, met her husband at Stratford when he was with Mr. F. R. Benson whose players so delighted Los Angeles audiences with their good work last week, to which Mr. Benson contributed the lion's share of art. In a recent number of the New York Independent Mrs. Phillips tells what it is to be the wife of a poet—now, alas, suffering from dementia—who, unlike the ordinary man, is more often a spirit full of the strangest, the most vibrating, as well as the most irritable of moods, who changes "just like those wonderful colorings that give the surface of the sea so much of splendor and awesomeness of joy and light, and yet a wonderment of terror withal." Continues Mrs. Phillips:

"I was a very young girl when I first saw my husband, almost a child. I was beginning a stage career and my seventh or eighth engagement took me to Stratford-on-Avon to join Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearean company at the Memorial Theater. The night of my arrival they were playing Hamlet, and not having to appear in that cast myself, I went into the house to witness a part of the performance. Strange to say, I entered the building just as the Ghost appeared and the vivid impression I felt at the time caused me to ask my friends close by to tell me the name of the man who was playing that role. The voice had a strange and bewildering attraction for me. A power it seemed that laid hold of my peculiar imagination. There were no programs at hand and I was told that I should meet him next day at rehearsal, and so I was satisfied that night not to know his name; but for many hours I was troubled by the thought that somewhere before I had known the voice.

"Next day I attended the theater for rehearsal. We were very late; I had almost given up in despair that I should not meet him that day when suddenly he appeared. He came from the opposite side of the stage to where I stood, and as he approached the center with a slow and dreamy gait, he stopped quite suddenly to gaze at me. Our eyes met. I remember his were beautifully clear and blue, and for a short time we stood gazing at each other in perfect stillness. He told me afterward that a strange light that appeared to float about me had attracted him to where I stood, and that I looked such a child.

"We became engaged soon after that first meeting, and for a long time I called him Gabrielle, for it seemed that I had known him by that name before. In much less than a year we left the stage to marry; it was his desire, he said, to give up all the world and chiefly live for that glory in his soul; the glory which he felt had been placed there, that he might give it out again; as a beauty and protection for the people, as a stimulus for creation, and a splendor that would live forever in the eyes of God.

"He would often tell me that I was necessary to him for this, and often he would ask me to pray that God would not take me from him; but sometimes he was very sad in thinking that the Almighty had given him this wonderful gift. I shall never forget one day finding him in this state of anguish which gave me the first impression that my life as a poet's wife had only just begun.

"It was a glorious afternoon in the midst of summer. I had been gathering flowers in the garden. As I entered the house, my hands and dress all laden with blooms which I had fastened at my waist in a big bunch, I was alarmed at hearing a sound of deep sighs and much moaning. It was the voice of my husband, I knew, and hurrying to the room from which the sound came I found him seated or half reclining on the couch, his face and brow so closely

pressed within his two hands, that I had the greatest difficulty in parting them. When I did so, his beautiful face was full of tears. Bemoaning the misery of his fate as a poet, he asked me to forgive him.

"This was a great torture to my sensitive mind, and it took a long time before I could help him to recover a normal condition. When he did so I could not feel really happy until he had promised that in future he would try to steel his mind and brain and heart against these conditions, for it made me very sad and troubled me a great deal. I have witnessed several of these painful experiences since then.

"He was always very tender to me in those days and we would read or play together just like happy children. He often called me Madgie, a gipsy name he summoned up as being the one he thought more appropriate than my own name, May. And if ever I made a childish blunder by intruding my way or purpose at an unnecessary moment, he would never become angry or hurt at my thoughtlessness, for it would seem that he was pleased at my "sweet interruptions," as he would happily call them.

"His brow would often ache and become excessively hot while he wrote, and often he would care for me to rest my hand across his temples while he finished his lines, or he would ask me for words that he could not remember. For a while before our marriage, and for a long time after, we used to devote the mornings to work. I would write while he strode about the room thinking and dictating his lines. This appeared a habit which gave him much pleasure, and somehow it would seem that the inspiration came more quickly and easily for this method.

"Often in the afternoon it was my custom to read aloud a bright and pleasant story, or we would sit side by side reading in turn a chapter from a book we both loved. 'The People of Clopton' was a favorite volume because of the amusement it gave us; in fact so great was my husband's joy over the first and second reading that he would several times leave me to fetch my mother to share our delight.

"It was about three years after our marriage that our first baby was born. She was very beautiful and we named her Persephone. Even in so young a child, the resemblance could be closely seen of her father. The brow, the eyes and the dark brown wavy hair were distinctly his, and we felt a great joy in this. We placed her on a shrine within our two souls, and so great was our sorrow when the day came for her departure from this world and from our two selves who loved her so dearly, that for a long time we could not with fortitude sustain her loss.

"One day God was good and gave us in her place a lovely boy of whom we are deeply fond. But the loss of our baby girl exercised a vivid and cruel influence over my husband, for it would seem that he never would be comforted. After this I would frequently lose him, and days and sometimes weeks of terrible suspense were added to my gloom. He could never bear to see me sad, and if ever I forgot myself in my extreme poignancy of thought, however much I tried to cover it away—if even a shadow of this crossed my face, he would at once decline all work, or comfort, and rush from the house in a state of utter frenzy; and more often than not a few moments later a strange man from the road or a cab would arrive for his bag, which he desired should be packed and conveyed to him immediately. This would frequently have to be done by my own hands, and many were the long days and nights of the deepest sorrow to me.

"At times he would send me a wire or a note asking my forgiveness for these rash and sudden outbursts, which

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he would most deeply lament, or he would send a short, sad message, imploring me to come at once to wherever he was to save him from madness or suicide.

"We both loved the sea; it has a most alluring attraction for us, and often after these sad happenings we would strangely heal our wounded minds by its deep resounding music, or the delicate, soft and tender lull of the spray that rose and fell beneath our window in the hush of night. Those beautiful sounds would often lull our weary brains to rest, like a strange and lovely mother putting her children to sleep. We sought the influence of the sea and gloried in the wide expanse of strength and wisdom that it brought.

"'Paolo and Francesca,' 'Marpessa,' his first volume of poems, and part of 'Herod,' were written at the time of a long stay at my mother's cottage in Ashford, Middlesex. It is a small, bright house, surrounded by green fields at that time. The village is a very flat one where we used to get wonderful sunsets, the wildest of winds, and beautiful sunshine. And my mother's earnest interest in the work was a great help. There was no line or poem that escaped her hearing, and it was a chief delight to my husband to read all his new work to us at the end of the garden close to a bank of wild flowers. My grandfather was an astronomer, and my mother would tell of many wonderful ways of the heavens. All this had a great allurements for my husband. And many, many times till long after midnight when the stars were full and bright above our heads, we would sit and talk together of many strange and beautiful things.

"But there were amusing occurrences, too. At one of our visits by the sea, my husband took a wild fancy to bring back with us to a pretty house he had taken at Twickenham, two new servants. They had been in the habit of working together and would not be separated. And though it was only the cook that interested him—she had delighted him with a favorite dish—he assured me of the wisdom in getting them both to enter our service. A few days after our arrival home, the door was suddenly flung open and the cook appeared, greatly disturbed and with real fright upon her face.

"'If you please, ma'am,' she murmured under her breath, 'the master's gone mad. I think you ought to go to him. He's on the top landing striding to and fro, saying the most silly stuff you ever heard. Minnie won't go upstairs because she says he looks real terrible.' (He was planning out and writing 'The Sin of David' at the time.)

"On another occasion he laughingly told me himself of a group of little boys who had overtaken him in the roadway. He had been to post letters, and returning home he was suddenly seized by wonderful lines. Stopping on the path to memorize or reflect individually on the inspiration, he overheard one of the boys remark.

"'Ere, he ain't 'alf daft; what's up with 'im?'"

To which an older and wiser boy exclaimed:

"'Ere, yer don't 'alf know nothin'. Don't you know 'im? He's our poet—Stephen Phillips—the man as made a book an' got a 'underd pound for a makin' on un.'"

Books

California has been sung in the sagas of the mission, in poetry and in history, and most travelers have gathered the idea that the golden state is a place of hotels set at the foot of rolling foothills or facing a stretch of glorious sea. They visualize orange groves, polo games, picturesque padres. But there is a new road blazed for the reader in "Overland Red," a road that leads into canyons and ranchos, across the desert and into the silent places where a man still walks with his gun at his hip and life is played without the accoutrements of effete civilization.

If it were a stage production "Overland Red" would be classed as a melodrama—but then all life, stripped of its veneer and grim with purpose, is melodrama. It is a story of an outlaw, a tramp, whose code, viewed through the eyes of a "gentleman" would contain many flaws. But Overland plays the game according to his own ideas of "the square thing." He is courageous to the point of recklessness, scrupulously honest with his "pals," ready in his defense of a woman, and strangely sensitive to the beauty of nature. His whimsical humor and his whimsical verse are things to delight. The book is a mixture of adventure, romance and poetry. A mining claim, and the war which always embroils men over gold, love and villainy, the hot rush of vivid, intense life are thrillingly portrayed, so that the lover of exciting tales will find a brimming measure. But the lover of nature will find more in the descriptions of the California places. It brings the breath of the sage and the winds of the mountains, the wood-smoke in tall trees, and the glory of dawns in far canyons.

The author has creatively breathed the spark of life into his people, and he has diffused the gentle fragrance of poetry in his descriptive passages. The opening chapter, "The Road," is a prose poem—one that Californians should treasure for the sympathetic beauty of its cadence. The book has been called a second "Virginian," but it is a better story than Owen Wister's novel. It has the same acute, homely humor, a touch of the same human romance, but there is a truth, an impression of the author's getting inside of his tale, and writing from the viewpoint of his characters rather than from the stand of the author, that betokens the divine spark. The author's name is not disclosed, but that he is of California is not to be doubted. ("Overland Red," Anonymous. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

"The Congresswoman"

Isabel Gordon Curtis elects a mere woman to congress in her latest novel, "The Congresswoman," and she does it sanely, and with a logical balance that is not a striking feature of femininely-made novels, particularly those that deal with a question on which women feel strongly. "The Congresswoman" may be called a suffrage novel. Both sides, the suffragettes and the antis, may find much material for their arguments, although undoubtedly the "ayes" will have it. Cynthia Pike, the heroine, is all feminine. Her life has been drained of color by a husband of hideous soul, and when he dies and leaves her free, and unexpectedly wealthy, she finds that Time is a thing of appalling seconds. Her money interests the suffragette workers of the town, and she is drawn into their ranks, to such an extent that she is elected to congress. Cynthia does not set the world on fire with her political achievements—where

is there another feminine author who could have resisted the temptation? She does strange things for a representative, "she 'pink teas' when she should be studying political matters, she relies upon masculine wisdom with rare discretion and fidelity. And yet she does the things that only a woman can do. Mrs. Curtis does not hesitate to hold up to condemnation and even ridicule the things that make the suffrage campaign at times absurd, but neither does she pause in showing the great good, the sane righteousness of giving the woman the ballot. She does not preach, save indirectly, and she writes an interesting, level tale. ("The Congresswoman." By Isabel Gordon Curtis. Browne & Howell Co.)

Magazines For April

One of the best things about the April issue of Sunset is the colored photographs bestowed so lavishly upon its pages. The Panama exposition buildings are shown in embryo, there are illustrations for E. Alexander Powell's "Autobirds of Passage" and for Porter Garnett's "Stately Homes of California" series—in fact, the issue is a blaze of color from cover to cover. Walter V. Woehlke writes of "Idaho and the Green Snake," the latter portion referring to a river and not to the demon of absinthe. Riley E. Scott considers the possibilities of destroying the Panama Canal from the air and Randal Howard writes of "The Port of Columbia." Short stories are "Mere Man," by Harold Titus, "The Cave Girl and the Tree Men," by Charles D. G. Roberts, "The Man Who Won," by William R. Lighton, and "The Great Aztec Wonder," by Peter B. Kyne.

Theodore Roosevelt once more figures in Scribner's Magazine, his new series on "A Hunter-Naturalist in the Brazilian Wilderness" beginning in the issue of April. G. E. Woodberry penetrates into North Africa and the desert is "On the Mat;" W. Herbert illustrates his own story of "The Fair in the Cow Country," H. C. Wright writes of "Greek Feasts," Walter S. Hiatt reveals "Sparks of the Wireless" and Kenyon Cox discusses the relation between "Artist and Public." Short stories include "Soldiers of Time," by Barry Benefield, "Worse Than Married," by Henry and Alice Duer Miller, and "Her Friend, Sergeant John," by Wolcott LeClear Beard.

Notes From Bookland

"Overland Red" has been arousing an unusual amount of interest, especially in Southern California, where the familiarity of the unknown author with his surroundings is so apparent. One of the striking displays of this new book is made in the windows of Gillespie's book store at 233 South Spring. A reproduction of Anton Fischer's illustration used as the cover of the book is the background, and there is a replica of the San Fernando valley. A choice collection of stones from the Moonstone Canon of the story is also attracting crowds of sightseers.

H. Addington Bruce has added another book, "Adventures in the Psychological," to those in which he considers the unexplained ways of spirits, in cases of hysteria, clairvoyance, down-right frauds, innocent self-deception, and instances defying the very latest science. Whether the powers concerned come from below or from above, no Boston doctor pretends to decide, and London and Paris sages are equally at a loss. Half a century ago the clever Murnier presented the spirit-

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picture to Boston, and made a fortune, only to lose it again when justice discovered his prepared photographic plates, and now Mr. Bruce and Dr. Prince show science to be stranger than clever fraud, and almost as strange as simple scriptural truth. This book announces the very newest results of unsparing, unwearied inquiry. Patient, and physician, and laboratory investigators now collaborate. Result, a unanimous declaration of "We don't know. Here we stand, and here we will not rest. We will have the glory of going on and still to be." And they use "will" in the English sense not with the Irish meaning. Mr. Bruce's book will be published April 4 by Little, Brown & Co.

John Lane Company has ready H. De Vere Stacpoole's translation of the "Poems of Francois Villon." The Scribners have found necessary a second printing of their "Collected Works of Francis Thompson." In "Trail Dust of a Maverick" the poetic phases of a cowboy's life will be celebrated by E. A. Brininstool. It will be published next month by Dodd, Mead & Co. In the drama next week the Macmillans will publish Edward Sheldon's "Romance," which has had remarkable success on the stage. Two books dealing with the intimate concerns of every day life at the same time having deep and world-wide significance, are scheduled for immediate publication by B. W. Huebsch. One of these is "The Small Family System," by C. V. Drysdale, a British scientist who explains for the non-professional the physical and moral significance of the intentional limitation of families. He quotes Dr. Abraham Jacobi and other well-known American physicians in substantiation of his arguments. The other is Charles Fleischer's "American Aspirations," a series of highly condensed chapters, each one epitomizing one of his public addresses before the Boston Sunday Commons. His watchword is "America for Americans and America for the World."

In line with the spring season, the publishers are ready for rural needs with an array of books about farms and gardens and homes, either already

published or soon to appear. Important among these is the publication by the Macmillan Company of a new edition of the Standard Encyclopedia of Horticulture, edited by L. H. Bailey, which has been wholly rewritten, and has been enlarged and revised to include the results of modern research and experience. It will consist of six volumes, and the first volume will be ready this week. In the "Rural Science Series," published by this house and edited by Prof. Bailey, an interesting early volume will be "The Farm Wood Lot," in which E. G. Cheyney and J. G. Wentling of the University of Minnesota's College of Forestry, treat comprehensively the subject of the producing of timber as a part of the farming business.

McBride, Nast & Co. have just published E. F. Rockwell's "The Gardener's Pocket Manual," which purports to speak the latest and most authentic word in practical gardening. It embodies the results of the author's constant experiments in his own gardens at Canaan, Conn. His "Making a Garden of Small Fruits," also lately published by the same house, shows the householder what possibilities there may be even in a small area. "The Book of Perennials," by W. A. Vollmer editor of House and Garden, a companion book to H. H. Slayler's "Book of Annuals," will have an early publication by the McBride Company, as will also W. H. Butterfield's "Making Fences, Walls and Hedges."

Houghton Mifflin Company is bringing out "Thomas Wentworth Higginson," by Mary Thacher Higginson. Col. Higginson commanded the First South Carolina Regiment, a regiment of former slaves. He was the man whom Bradlaugh chose in the 60's to make the object of an ill-bred public jest, virtually accusing him of cowardice. To see the cool indifference of the officer who had fought for years, facing bullets with the certainty that the scaffold awaited him if captured, was a lesson in heroic deportment. The first Mrs. Higginson was the witty Aunt Jane of "Malbone."

Doubleday, Page & Co. promise for early April "The Mexican People: Their

Struggle for Freedom," by L. Gutierrez De Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon, which finds the basis of the Mexican civil warfare in economic conditions, and especially in the world-old struggle between peonage and swollen landed proprietors. Of the joint authors, Senor De Lara is a Mexican lawyer and student of history, who joined the reformers before the downfall of the Diaz regime, while Mr. Pinchon is a writer upon economic subjects who has assisted in making the English version.

The Stokes Company will issue next week the first long novel ever written by Amelie Rives, Princess Troubetzkoy. It is called "World's End," and is said to be characterized by some of the best qualities of her early success, "The Quick or the Dead?" Another new book is "The Woman's Law," by Maravene Thompson, based on a woman's determination to save her child from disgrace by any means, and "The Cost of Wings," by the author known as "Richard Dehan," who wrote "The Dop Doctor," and whose real name is Miss Clo Graves.

"Democracy and Race Friction: A Study in Social Ethics," by John Moffatt Mecklin of the University of Pittsburgh, is a recent publication of the Macmillan Company. It is a study of the negro problem and promises to be one of the most important contributions yet made to that question. The author does not attempt to solve the race problem, which he believes insoluble, but to gather all its factors and show their meaning. He has brought to bear upon it the recent work of authorities in social psychology.

Among biographical works the John Lane Company promises a volume of much interest in "The Keats Letters, Papers and Other Relics," with a foreword by Theodore Watts-Dunton. The volume will contain facsimile reproductions of the fine collection of Keats relics bequeathed by the late Sir Charles W. Dilke to the public library at Hampstead. The same house has ready "Nollekens and His Times," by Wilfred Whitten, which contains many anecdotes of famous men of the eighteenth century, who sat to Nollekens for portrait busts.

"The Political Shame of Mexico," which McBride, Nash & Co. have ready for publication, is written by Edward I. Bell, who lived for years in Mexico City, where he was editor and publisher of several newspapers, English and Mexican. He was in touch with both federal and revolutionary leaders, and his book is said to be non-partisan and entirely fearless in the shocking disclosures it makes of intrigue, ignorance, and villainy on both sides.

"When Mayflowers Blossom," is the pleasing title of the Rev. Albert H. Plumb's romance of early New England days wherein he presents an accurate historical presentation of life in the Plymouth Colony. It is ready for publication by the Fleming H. Revell Company, who are also bringing out "Old Andy, the Moonshiner," a series of appealing sketches of the illiterate whites of the Appalachian Mountains.

Carl Crow's account of "America and the Philippines," to be published this week by Doubleday, Page & Co., is of intimate concern to all who are interested in public affairs because the author pays particular attention to the metamorphosis which American occupancy has made in the islands. It is an analysis of the Filipino character with reference to its capacity for self-government.

Under the title of "The Marechale" will be told, by her son-in-law, the life story of Catherine Booth-Clibborn, eldest daughter of General Booth. The book's title is that by which she was known in France, where for years she carried on her father's work. It will be published soon by the George H. Doran Company.

"Challenge" will be the title of a

book of verses by Louis Untermeyer soon to be published by the Century Company. Included in it are the sonnet, "Mockery," which won the international poetry contest in 1911, and "Caliban in the Coal Mines," one of the hundred poems selected out of ten thousand for "The Lyric Year."

Another volume by Rabindranath Tagore, "The Post Office," will soon be published by the Macmillans. It is an idealistic drama which is said to reveal great love for children and understanding of child life. The same house is importing the second part of "Sophocles in English Verse," translated by Arthur S. Way.

Using the Ferrero method and writing in a chatty, readable style, Tenney Frank, Professor of Latin in Bryn Mawr College, analyzes in "Roman Imperialism," to be published soon by the Macmillan Company, the factors that worked for and against imperialism in the Roman Republic.

Charles Marriott became a novelist in a sort of residuary legatee manner. He was to have learned a trade, but fell ill at the beginning. Afterward he began to study painting, but an injury to his right hand made this impossible. He then tried to enter the British navy, but found he was color blind. Then he began to write fiction.

In a forthcoming volume to be called "The Theater of Science," Robert Grau will tell the complete story of the birth and growth of the moving picture art.

Charles Rann Kennedy has been giving a series of readings of his new play, "The Idol-Breaker" in New England colleges and universities.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 7, 1914.

019945.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that William J. Hacker, whose post-office address is 400 So. Fremont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 22nd day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019945, to purchase the NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00 and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In and for the County of Los Angeles.
No. B-8369. Department No. 10.

In the matter of the application of Bolte Manufacturing Company, a corporation, for dissolution of said Corporation.

NOTICE is hereby given that Bolte Manufacturing Company, a Corporation, formed under the laws of the State of California, with its principal place of business in the city of Los Angeles, State of California, has presented to the Superior Court a petition praying that an order be made dissolving said corporation, and that Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time and the court room of department 10 of said Superior Court in the Court House in the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, as the place at which said application is to be heard.

Witness my hand and seal of said Superior Court, this 24th day of March, 1914.

H. J. LELAND,

Clerk of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

(Seal) F. J. ADAMS, Deputy.
NOLEMAN AND SMYSER,
Attorneys for Applicant

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 10, 1914.

011047.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Nelly E. Hunter, of Topanga, Cal., who, on July 11, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 011047, for S 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 28th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John S. Wood, Morton Allen, John S. Hunter, Herman Hetche, all of Topanga, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 30, 1913.

012937.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Felipe Neris Valenzuela, of Santa Monica, California, who, on April 28, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 012937, for N 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 27, S 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of May, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Miller, C. O. Montague, Frank Sliet, Charles Fannetti, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 25, 1914.

010949.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Robert McPetridge, of 1323 16th St., Santa Monica, Cal., who, on July 19, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 010949, for S 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 8, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 9th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Benjamin F. Kinsey, of Santa Monica, Cal.; William Gleason, Frank Schaefer, Thomas H. Lyons, John F. Hetman, all of Calabasas, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

020358

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Carl Dold Benz, whose post-office address is 2703 Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 22nd day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020358, to purchase the SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 7th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019550

Non-Coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Charlotte Estelle Tompkins whose post-office address is 735 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 28th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019550, to purchase the SE 1/4, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00 and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019563

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Louisa J. Lee, whose post-office address is Glendale, Cal., did, on the 28th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019563, to purchase the SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and Lot 2, Section 34, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$126.50, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$75.90; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 8th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019216

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Birdie Emma Meyer, whose post-office address is Ocean Park, Cal., did, on the 27th day of June, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019216, to purchase the NW 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., San Bernardino Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Stocks & Bonds

While there has been little trading to enliven the dullness of the stock market this week, a development of marked significance occurred when last Wednesday Andrew Weir and R. Tilden Smith of London arrived at Pasadena, in company with two other representatives of the Western Ocean Syndicate, Ltd., the English holding company of the General Petroleum. Almost immediately upon their arrival the Londoners opened negotiations with representatives of the Union Oil Company. It is certain that an effort will be made to whip the deal in shape before the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union April 16, so that it may be submitted to them for ratification.

News of the arrival of the Englishmen produced little effect on Union, except to cause it to reveal a somewhat firmer tone. This is owing to the fact that the resumption of negotiations has been pretty well discounted, and the market is now waiting for definite information relative to the character of the deal. It is generally understood that it will follow about the same lines as proposed a few months ago, when Weir and Smith were previously here.

Opinions regarding the Union's annual statement issued this week, were somewhat at variance. Although the report showed a decrease of about \$300,000 in net profits, it also made known the fact that the company is greatly strengthened financially. In fact, the belief is expressed that the total debt of the company, bonded or otherwise, is a smaller load against the capital assets of the company than in the case of any large corporation in the company. Taken as a whole, the document produced little effect on the market.

For the remainder of the oil issues nothing of particular interest in the line of news developments has come to light. Associated is still easy, probably as much due to manipulation for the purpose of picking up cheap stock as anything. The price here is, of course, regulated largely by that in San Francisco. Amalgamated has also been rather weak. Low-priced issues, particularly those affected by the government suits, have been unsteady.

In the industrial list Los Angeles Investment has hung around 89 and 90 cents a share, but at this writing is weaker. Producers' Transportation is changed only slightly, and has been quiet. Security Trust and Savings in the bank list became slightly easier in tone; the others are about nominal. Bonds are quiet, and mining stocks have reverted into that usual state of inactivity which has been predicable of them in the last few months.

Local money conditions, although not everything that could be desired, have greatly improved since the first of the year. In the last week or two there seems to have been a slight contraction, which, it is believed, will prove only temporary.

Banks and Banking

Although there is a decrease noted in comparing the bank clearings for March with those of the corresponding period last year, the increasing prosperity after the let down of the last few months is shown in the fact that they have gained more than \$15,000,-

000 over the clearings for February, the total clearings in Los Angeles for March being \$107,860,054.

Stock and Bond Briefs

To date no railroad has submitted a statement of February earnings that did not show a good sized loss in net. The Southern Pacific has reported a decrease of \$603,000 in gross revenues, a reduction of \$138,000 in expenses, and a loss of \$465,000 in net earnings. In eight months this company's operating revenues have decreased \$3,201,000, its operating costs have increased \$1,305,000, and its net income has declined \$4,504,000.

Bond men say that sales by savings banks have helped to depress Rock Island Railway general 4s. The suspension of dividend payments on the railway company's stock destroyed the quality of the bonds as savings bank investments in many states. While the bonds have been sold extensively since the dividend was passed, steady purchases by institutions whose investments are not closely restricted by law have been reported, some of the blocks taken being of substantial size.

Bond and note issues of the leading railroad and industrial corporations maturing in April aggregate \$61,847,833, against \$53,283,772 the previous month and \$24,683,000 in April, 1913. The maturing indebtedness of railroad companies for April amounts to \$38,355,000 leaving a balance of \$23,492,830 for industrial concerns to liquidate.

Phelps, Dodge & Co. received an income of \$9,110,000 from dividends paid by its subsidiary copper concerns in the fiscal year ended December 31, a decline of \$895,458 from the previous year's record. Total receipts aggregated \$9,581,494 and net profits were \$9,407,709, which stood lower than the net revenue of 1912 by \$877,476. A surplus of \$1,982,709 was left after dividends had been paid, and this was reduced to \$482,709 by writing off \$1,500,000 as depreciation in the value of stocks owned by the company. The quantity of copper made during the year by the constituent companies was 155,665,712 pounds. Including copper received from outside sources, 201,489, 796 pounds were sold and delivered to buyers at an average price of 15.37 cents a pound. This was slightly less than the price obtained in the previous year, and somewhat more than the average price for the company's electrolytic and casting copper in the ten years from 1904 to 1913, which was 14.56 cents a pound.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 8th day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this

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RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 55 acres, within the Angeles & Santa Barbara National Forests, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on May 14, 1914. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to May 14, 1914, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 7, T. 1 N., R. 9 W., S. B. M., 5 acres, application of Mrs. Mary Shook Azuza, California; List 5-1800. The NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 13, T. 6 N., R. 18 W., 50 acres, application of F. D. Maxwell, Roosevelt, California; List 5-2057.

JOHN McPHAIL,
Acting Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.
February 11, 1914.

purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019601. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Robert E. Wirsching, whose post-office address is 539 Britannia St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 31st day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019601, to purchase the Lot 1, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 30, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$399.48, the stone estimated at \$199.74 and the land \$199.74; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 7th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 27, 1914.

016132. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Agnes Ottella Kolstad, of 720 E. 33rd St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on August 7, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 016132, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 23, N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 16th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses: F. M. Kincaid, Edward Campbell, Bessie O. Thew, all of Los Angeles, California; Charles Decker, of Cornell, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 26, 1914.

05467. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Patrick Lee, of Calabasas, California, who, on Feb. 16, 1909, made Homestead Entry, No. 05467, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 28, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 13th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses: John Fooshee, Elmer Stephenson, A. T. Morrison, Anton Weber, all of Calabasas, California.

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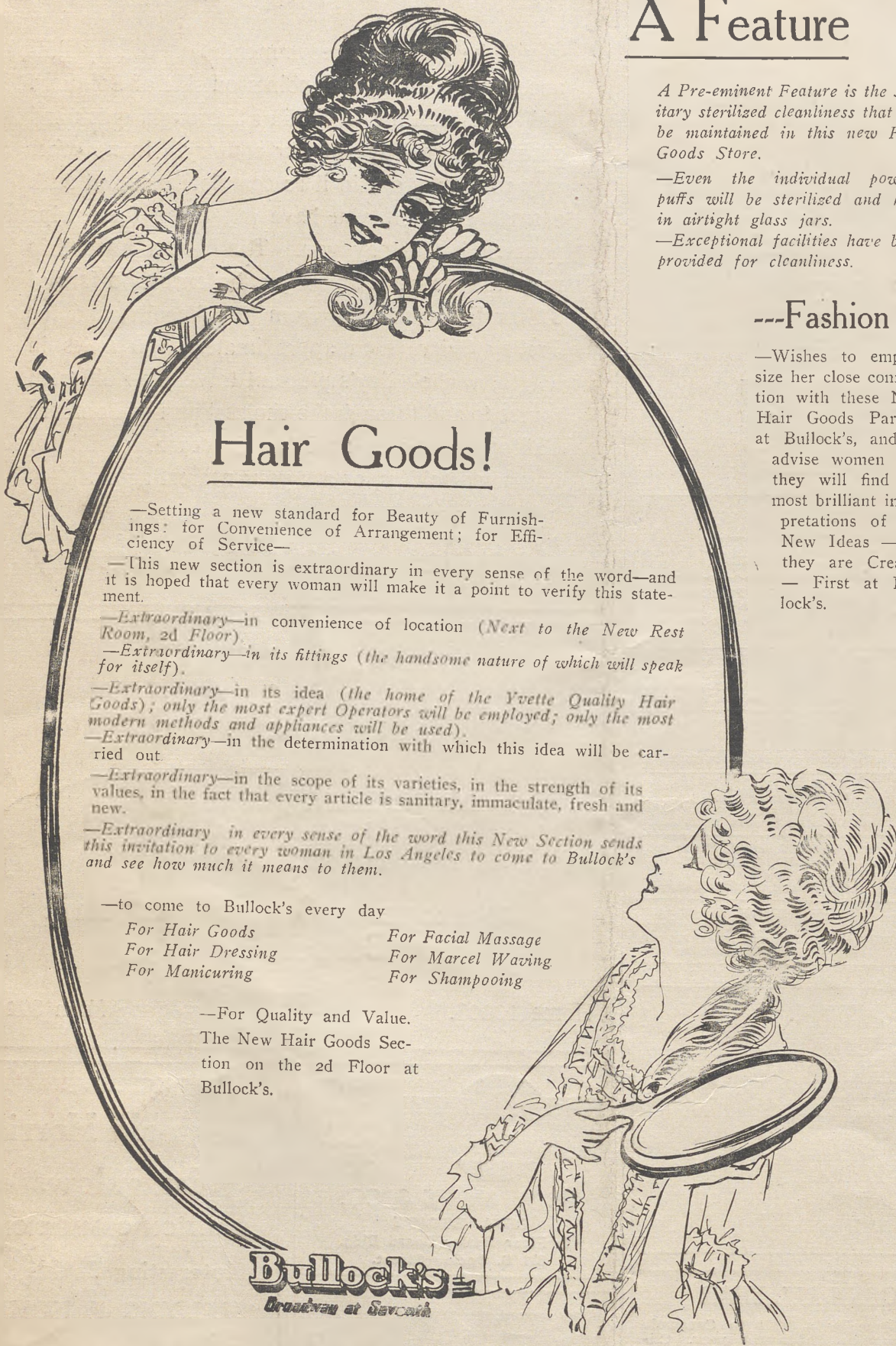
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